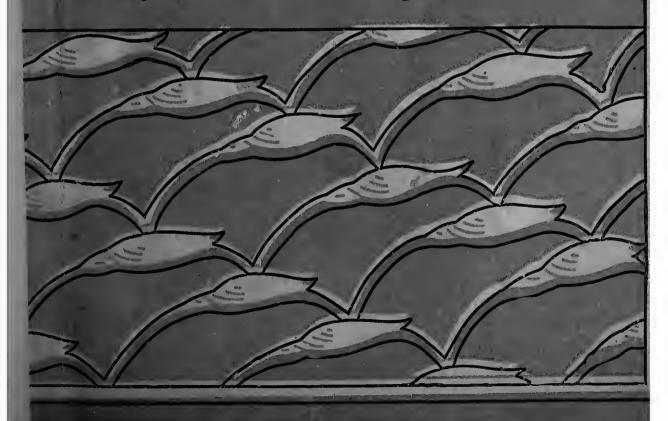


AN EPWORTH LEAGUE'S SECOND TRIP TO EUROPE



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SECOND

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NOEL R. HAMER,
ALABAMA CONFERENCE,
M. E. CHURCH SOUTH.



MARIANNA, FLA:

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1904.

TO MISS MARY E. FARLEY,

PRESIDENT OF THE MARIANNA LEAGUE,

This Little Book is Respectfully

Dedicated.

An Epworth League's Trip to Europe.

BY THE SAME AUTHOR.

TRAVELS THROUGH SCOTLAND, THE SOUTH OF ENGLAND,
FRANCE AND BELGIUM: WITH REFERENCES TO THE
METHODISM, NATURAL SCENERY, HISTORY AND
LEGENDS OF THE COUNTRIES VISITED.

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"Your beautiful book, 'An Epworth League's Trip to Europe.' It is chaste and suitable in style; the nobly ethical and spiritual are everywhere seen in its pages; and the love of the beautiful breaks through like sunlight through the clouds and autumn forests. Mrs. Carroll is reading the book to a class of young ladies in our Institution, (State Institution for the Blind, Austin, Texas.) and the young ladies are delighted with it."—Rev F B. Carroll, D. D.

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SENT BY THE AUTHOR,

MILTON, FLA.,

FIFTY CENTS, POSTPAID.

PREFACE.

If any apology is needed for this little book, the writer must leave the task to readers of the first "League's Trip," who are mainly responsible for it. They said so much about the pleasure they had while accompanying the League to the Exposition and other centers of interest, that the writer could not do less than invite them to attend us on our Second Trip. The wisdom of this course may be questioned—in his unbiased moments the writer questions it himself—but he does not feel free to ignore the request of those who are so much wiser than he is.

The writer is very grateful to the reviewers, and his brethren of the Conferences, and other friends for the pleasant and generous way in which the First Trip was received. He trusts this Second Trip will not disappoint them.

The date of the Trip is January—June, 1902.

N. R. H.

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JOHN FLETCHER.

TO QUEENSTOWN.

PREPARATION FOR THE SECOND TRIP—CHANGES—FOG—SPHINX OF THE SEA—GILBERT WHITE AND THOREAU—SEASICKNESS—COAST VIEWS.

"What Steamer is that coming in?" asked a lounger on the Queenstown Docks, as a picturesque-looking ship came round the Point of Crosshaven. The Campania, of the Cunard Line, had passed the evening before: the Noordland, the same which ran into us in Antwerp seventeen months ago, will not be here for two days; and there is much guessing as to the name and destination of this white ship with lines of gold on its sides, and broad bands of the same color on its smokestack. It was the pleasure of the League Council, when repainting the City of Marianna, to give it the League colors. And a very attractive picture it was when it came to anchor in the lovely Bay, the low green hills on two sides of it, and the waters turning yellow in the pale glow of a January sunset. The twilight gave our electrician an opportunity of which he always availed himself, and from bow to stern the great Steamer was soon wrapt in a blaze of light. Thus ended the first stage of our journey to the Mediterranean.

The President had hoped to leave Pensacola a few days after Christmas. But there is so much to do and prepare for, when you are going to be absent seven months, and we did not get off till the middle of January.

The personnel of the League is not much changed. Some of us are a little older than when we began our first trip, and all are better prepared to understand and appreciate what we see and hear. Besides the fifty-three members of the League, we have with us a few friends who are entitled to any courtesies we can extend to them.

Nor is there much change in the appointments of the ship. The Concert room has an adjustable partition in it, and this gives us a smaller room for our own meetings. In its old corner is the professor's violin. It still plays an important part, or its master does, in our stated concerts, and in the informal meetings we have for music and song. The state-rooms of the President and three lady members of the Council have been daintily refurnished in white and gold. And a room next the Conservatory has been changed into a boudoir for their use. A shelf with depressions in it to hold the vases brought from Antwerp, is under one of the windows, and the hyacinths are now a mass of white and purple blooms.

The voyage was exceptionally pleasant—for winter. One night we entered a rough sea, and were kept awake by waves breaking on the deck. But there was no wind, and this was simply the effect of a storm that swept the seas to the north-west of us. Towards morning a fog gathered about the ship, and though we were nearly two degrees south of the highway to Europe, we went at half speed, and blew the fog horn every thirty seconds. With one exception, this is the most dismal music that ever fell upon human ears. A bagpipe in the hands of an enthusiastic Scotchman, and a fog horn like ours, would be a musical combination to force even a statue into spasms.

The fog lifted about noon, and in the south-east, like a faint cloud-bank we see the nearest of the Azores. And later, directly north of us, perhaps ten miles away, a dismantled schooner came into view. Our glasses show that it is abandoned and drifting, probably in the edge of the Gulf current. The depression caused by this Spinx of the sea gives way as we come near to sunset; such a sunset as we find only at sea, and which no painter ever secured for canvas or poem.

The discomforts of ocean travel scarcely exist in the

City of Marianna. Having only sixty-one passengers, we can give to each the best state-room, away from the influence of the kitchen and the noise of machinery. one-eighth of a mile of covered deck for exercise and games, and below is a dining room with attractions such as seldom appeal to us on land. In a smaller division of the Concert room we have an excellent library, which now contains nearly all the books we need, from a complete League Course to the last story by Uncle Remus. very few of them are touched while we are at sea. two were read to the last page—Gilbert White's "Natural History of Selborne" and Thoreau's "Walden." It would not be easy to explain why we preferred these books. Perhaps because their points of harmony and their contrasts are so striking, and both are so unlike the majestic world in which we are moving. We can feel, rather than define, the charm there is in reading of field mice and bird's nests and the swelling of buds on the trees, when the wild forces of the sea are playing about us.

What a simple hearted, devout man was this naturalist of Selborne! Thoreau was as keen-eyed, but we miss in him the simplicity and devoutness of White. There are two things Thoreau never forgot, and never allowed his readers to forget; what he gave up in order to live in that hut by Walden Pond, and that a group of Transcendentalists was watching him from Boston.

A Vice-President was the first to call attention to these books. And nearly all the forenoons of the voyage she was on the upper deck reading to all who cared to listen. Nearly all the voyage! There was one forenoon when the united music of all the mermaids in the ocean could not have drawn us from our berths.

Soon after we passed the Azores the wind rose and changed to a little west of north. It was not violent enough to call for a change in our course, but it caused an irregular and jarring motion of the ship which was very unpleasant. In a few hours the effect became more serious. That afternoon we were sitting or standing in groups on the cov-

ered deck. Suddenly a wistful and far-off look would come into a Leaguer's face, and with a scarcely audible "I believe I will go to my room and rest awhile," the wistful face would disappear down the stairs. One after another they yielded to irresistable influences until scarcely one-fourth of our number remained on deck.

The pastor has had a rather extended experience as a sailor, and he plumed himself on being one of the "immunes." But when we came near to sunset, a friend noticed that his face became unusually solemn, and he said in an abstracted way that he felt a little tired, and would rest awhile before supper! And the same quiet smile came into the faces of those who remained.

All this was forgotten when one morning we hastened through breakfast to see the faintest outlines of a cloud in the north-east. Two hours later this cloud became the grim headland of Cape Clear. There was nothing attractive about these savage rocks, nor did we ever expect to get nearer to them. The attraction was in the world of beauty and grandeur and picturesque ruin which lay beyond them. Among those lakes and hills there are visions to inspire the imagination and broaden and enrich the mind for all time.

This entire coast is a picture of desolation—wild, rugged, tempest-beaten. Here and there the rocks are a rich brown, as if stained by a thousand sunsets; and on the higher peaks are square towers or fragments of massive walls, all that remains of the stronghold of an ancient chieftain. Excepting these touches of the picturesque, we see only bare rocks, and flocks of sea birds, and the endless march of breakers. And beyond these are the same crested breakers, and circling gulls, and grim rocks.

About the middle of the afternoon we passed between the forts which guard the entrance to the Cove. The storms and frosts which followed Christmas d'd not touch the rich emerald of the hills which rise beyond the line of silver surf to the north of us. And these hills make an artistic setting for the white homes of Queenstown.

QUEENSTOWN TO CORK.

THE COVE—CORK; ITS HISTORY AND ATTRACTIONS—CHILD'S GRAVE—ST. ANNE'S CHURCH—CONVERSATION WITH A MONK.

It is understood that we are in Europe to see old things. Old countries and cities and castles; cathedrals and palaces and prisons; works of art wrought in stone and metal and on canvas; things that embody or illustrate the remote past, and whatever will help us to a better knowledge of our beloved Methodism—these are the things the League will seek after in these wanderings. New things we can find at home, on a grander scale we think than in other lands; and whenever anything threatens to become old, we take a peculiar pleasure in renewing or destroying it.

Queenstown is not yet sixty years old. It was an ordinary village when the Queen landed there on her way to Cork. Since then it has been Queenstown, and is of special interest to tourists. It is the first place they touch in Europe, and the last. But it contains nothing to attract us. The old places are beyond it, and our first day is given to the river Lee and Cork. We decide to keep our ship at anchor, and a river steamer, the *Francis Mahoney*, is engaged for the time we stay here.

The harbor or Cove of Cork, as it used to be called, is a surprise to most of us. It is ten square miles in extent, and calm as an inland lake. There are four ironclads at the naval station; and though this is the dull season, we see shipping from all parts of the Empire.

Thackeray refers to the Lee as "that superb stream which led from the harbor to Cork." The banks for three miles consist of wooded hills or sheltered glens, and we

are never out of sight of parks and stately country homes. If there had been foliage on the trees and bird music in the air, this river scene would have been a very paradise of beauty

We can scarcely describe the impression made by Cork. It may be a reflection upon ourselves to say that we were disappointed. Yet we were. And this after looking up to the city from the river, and looking down on its winding streets and blue slate roofs and importunate beggars, from the slopes of Grattan Hill. Its age may have led us to expect too much. St. Fin Barre founded it in Five centuries latter it was the first city in Ireland to fall into the hands of the English. Five centuries after this, Cromwell took possession of it. And we look for something worth seeing in such a venerable place. We may have been led astray also by Father Prout's "Melodies." A poet does not often compile a satisfactory guide And it is winter now; summer will transfigure book. everything.

We admit that Cork is surpassingly "beautiful for situation." We may look over the undulating hills which half encircle it, or follow its shining river to the Cove, and we easily understand how the poet came to invest the city with much of this beauty. A self-appointed guide said to us on Grattan Hill: "This is a beautiful place to go away from."

The cemetery in which Father Mathew is buried is a short distance from the city. The most impressive thing here is a beautiful grille of iron work which encloses the tomb of a child. Its father, a blacksmith, spent three years doing this work, all of it with his own hands. It reminds us of Mary bringing the most precious thing she had as an offering to her Lord. This father was truly blessed in his deed. For there is no higher satisfaction than that which comes of serving those we love; and there is no outlet for grief so effective as congenial, absorbing work.

On Shandon Hill, which overlooks the city, we came to

St. Anne's church, a curious building of limestone and red sandstone, and shaped like a Chinese pagoda. Francis Mahoney, better known as Father Prout, journalist and poet, rests here. The famous bells of Shandon are in this tall, dark red tower, and their melody has been conveyed to every land in the sweet, tuneful words of the poem.

A number of Leaguers were discussing the peculiar taste which put this red and white material together, when a stranger joined them. He was short, stout, round-faced. built very much like Bishop Candler, and he wore the garb of the Capuchin Monks. The distinguishing feature of this dress is the headgear, which consists of a hood. pyramidal in shape, and nearly two feet high. The brother was evidently of some importance in the Order, and had a very engaging and persuasive way of speech. He was greatly pleased to meet young people from the United States, and hoped we were all children of the church. replied that we were—most of us of the Methodist church. The word "Methodist" seemed to surprise him, but with a quick motion of the hand, as if to dismiss the word. he regretted very much that it was so now. When we had considered the matter he was sure we would not trust ourselves in any of these societies. And we surely knew that the many sects in the United States were passing away, and the true church was gathering into its fold the people of influence and wealth throughout that great country.

We had to say in reply to this that such knowledge had not yet come to us. We had the impression that Romanism was not holding its own, while Protestant churches were gaining on the population. In our own town the members of his church could be counted on the fingers of one hand, and others were reckoned by the hundred.

It was a study to see the expression of sadness and pity which gathered into the Monk's face. He was sorry indeed that we did not see things as they were in our country, and he supposed the facts had been kept from us. All the sects began in disobedience to the church. They

only touched the emotions of people they drew away, and often made them worse. The true church was a refuge in all the troubles of life, and it gave to the world all the Christian freedom and blessing it ever had. They were often wronged and persecuted, but they expected it; their Master received the same.

We ventured to call the Monk's attention to the way the church celebrated St. Bartholomew's Day in France in the year 1572; the rejoicing which followed the celebration, and the striking of medals in commemoration of it. And we suggested that if he ever made a pilgrimage to Rome he could see, in the entrance to the Sistine Chapel, a picture of this massacre of French Protestants.

There was the same pitying smile on the brother's face, only it deepened when our perversity as well as our ignorance showed itself. That story of St. Bartholomew's Day was a wicked slander, and we had been deceived as to medals and pictures in the Vatican. It made his heart sad—"But I have seen that picture in the Vatican," interrupted the pastor; the medals can be seen in any large museum, and the massacre has never been denied by reputable historians."

"It grieves me beyond expression," continued the Monk, "to know that young people receive such teaching. The Church has been persecuted in all ages, and the sects are always glad when trouble comes to it. It has been obliged to use discipline, but it was applied with the hand of love, and in order to save the soul."

If this Capuchin Monk had persevered, he might have converted us all; the boys could have put on hoods, and the girls have been sent to a convent. As it was, a member suggested that the only thing for us to do now was to go home and ask Chattahootchee to take us in.

This same member has a taste for comparative statistics, and he will prepare a paper on Romanism in the United States and England for our next meeting. And he promises to write it before we go to Blarney Castle, which is the place we expect to see tomorrow, if this mellow, springlike weather continues.

III.

CORK TO BLARNEY CASTLE.

JAUNTING CARS—INCIDENTS OF TRAVEL—HISTORY OF THE BLARNEY STONE—TEACHING OF THE STONE—A LAKE AND ITS LEGENDS—SUNSET ON THE HILLS—IRISH METHODISM.

The Irish jaunting car is an institution peculiar to that country. A traveler of last summer describes it as "a twowheeled vehicle with a seat on each side, and one in front The side seats are well cushioned, but for the driver. very narrow. The passengers sit back to back. are four seats besides that for the driver, who, when driving only one person, is obliged to sit on one side to keep the thing from turning over." There are two kinds of jaunting cars, the difference being made by the position of the wheels. As our driver put it, "The outside car, yer honor, has the wheels inside, and the inside car has the Eighteen of these cars, with their nonwheels outside." descript horses, and drivers in a bewildering variety of costumes, as they waited for us on the banks of the Lee. made a picture we will always retain. The extra cars were for the captain and chief officers of the ship, who wanted to accompany us. Our captain claimed to have Irish blood in his veins. He was a lineal descendant of The O'Toole, an ancient chieftain, or O'Donoughoe, of Ross Island, he was not sure which.

It was a unique procession which moved up the valley, and in half an hour Cork was behind us, and we turned to the north-west on the charming but rough up-river road. "This is a jolting, not a jaunting car," we observed to our driver, who persisted in going over every boulder in the

road, one wheel at a time. But he explained that it was altogether the fault of the road. Where the road was smooth there was no jolting at all. Between this driver and the varied scenery of the trip—the wooded heights of Glenmire on the one hand, and stretches of verdant meadow on the other, and unexpected glimpses of beauty between them—the two hours passed quickly and delightfully.

We are not surprised that Blarney is one of the places the tourist is obliged to visit. The tower is one hundred and twenty feet high, and covered to the very top with masses of ivy. And the groves of Blarney, consisting of immense old trees, more picturesque than the oaks at Richmond, surround and nearly hide the ruins of the Castle.

But the main attraction is the Blarney Stone, which is said to impart to those who kiss it a soft, persuasive, bewitching power of speech. The legend attached to the stone is, that in 1602, a chieftain named MacCarthy promised to surrender the Castle to the English. The exact time when this should be done was not in the agreement, and whenever the subject was mentioned MacCarthy would, "by soft promises and delusive delays," put off the matter to another day. And the name of the Castle was given to speech of that type. The particular stone is in the wall of the tower, about twenty feet from the top. This involves risk and another stone, having the same virtue, is now on the front lawn. It is not necessary to say who among us availed himself of the privilege; nor need we guess why the older boys insisted on coming in contact with the genuine stone, and were let down with ropes.

There is a beautiful lake about a mile distant. We were strolling on its banks when we met an old peasant, Dennis O'Hara was his name. He told us of two white cows which sometimes rose out of the lake, and ruined the oat crop of the neighborhood. And once in seven years an old gentleman comes out of its depths and walks about all night, hoping that some one will speak to him and break the charm that binds him to his submarine prison. Dennis

had not, with his own eyes, seen either this water ghost or the two white cows.

We asked him what people gained when they kissed the stone at the Castle. "Sure, and it taiches you policy," was his reply. "What do you mean by policy?" "Why," said Dennis, "it is saying one thing and mayning another." We are sure that this peasant had no knowledge of the politicians of West Florida when he gave us this definition.

We returned to Cork on the same road, but the setting sun invested these hills and glens with a new beauty. scene is the same to us in the grey mists of dawn, and in the purple shadows of the afternoon. The hill that is familiar in the sunlight becomes a stranger when the moonbeams whiten it. When going we noticed a chain of hills on the right, the lower slopes covered with fir and elder, the heights rugged and bare, and the mists still clinging to them. Now the tops of the firs are weaths of flame, and a mass of lurid cloud rests on the farthest peak. While we are looking it becomes a white dome, with a margin of delecate rose. Then a gust of wind drives it from the peak, and changes it into drifts of feathery and shell-like vapor. And we have scarcely time to transfer the picture to our minds, when the same wind fashions the cloud into lines of exquisite grace. Emerson wrote a great deal which only himself can understand, but he gave voice to a common experience when he said, "We come forth from the din and craft of the streets, and see the sky and the woods, and we are men again. In this eternal calm we find ourselves." But we miss the supreme teaching of the sunset if we fail to realize that the Father devotes this hour to making pictures for his children-pictures which the dullest among them can understand, and for which the poorest have nothing to pay.

About two miles from town we came up with the junior preacher on the Cork circuit, who had been visiting a sick member in the stone cottage under the hill. The professor and pastor had called on him the day before, and he gave them some statistics which show the hopeful con-

dition of Methodism in that country. The Irish Conference has in it two hundred and sixty preachers, who serve one hundred circuits and stations. The difficulties of their work, caused by the ignorance and bitter prejudices of the Romanist population, cannot be understood or appreciated in a Protestant country. But the last census gives them very great encouragement. There is such a large and steady emigration to other countries that a decrease in membership does not mean failure. Yet while every other church, Romish and Protestant, has fewer adherents than it had ten years ago, Methodism has gained more than ten per cent.

We asked about the Twentieth Century Thanksgiving Movement. Their Conference had promised \$300,000, and they secured before Christmas nearly \$260,000. Reports of the special collection of December 29th, had not yet been received from the remote circuits, but he was sure they would not fail.

We were glad to learn also that the Home Mission and other annual collections had not fallen off; they were larger the past year than ever before. Thanksgiving had been a means of grace to them.

It is evident that the difficulties in the way of Irish Methodism help to make it strong and effective. "The lame and halt and blind," and those who enter a church because of the loaves and fishes—these people do not trouble them at all. The men and women who become Methodists in Ireland count not the smile of a priest dear to them. And when we find them in other lands, they are among the foremost in loyelty and service.

IV.

CORK.

ATTRACTIONS OF THE LAKE DISTRICT—SHADOW OF THE BAY
—WHAT BRITISH METHODISM IS DOING FOR THE
ARMY AND NAVY—SOLDIER'S HOME IN LONDON—
GREAT PLANS FOR THE FUTURE—SIGNIFICANT GIFTS
TO SEAMAN'S MISSION.

To see the Killarney Lakes, forty miles to the north-west of us, and at the same time, be on our way to the Mediterranean, is a feat in travel which even this League Council will not attempt. We cannot afford to pass by the attractions of the Lake district, yet if we give much time to them now, we cannot return to the Coronation in June, which we must attend if the President can secure tickets for us.

Years ago the pastor spent four days seeing the mountains and cascades and lakes about Killarney, and the visit has a place by itself in his memory. In this district, within a radius of ten miles, there are greater contrasts in scenery than we find anywhere else in Europe. And each is perfect of its kind, from the turf-covered ruin to the scene of wildest grandeur. "We will always regret it," said the pastor to the Council, "if we fail to get a glimpse of this wonderful scenery. The beauty of it may be best seen in early summer, but its wild and grand features are most impressive in winter." So the Council decided to go there tomorrow, and on our return, if the weather permits, we will begin our long-deferred journey to the East.

If the weather permits! The Signal Service has predicted a gale on the coasts of France and Spain in a day or two; and it is the passage through the Bay of Biscay that

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we most dread. In calm weather there is a battle of currents and tides near this coast, and woe to the ship that is driven within hearing of its awful music. The Bay has been discussed in whispers since we left Florida. That old advice about not crossing a bridge till we come to it, is utterly out of place here. If it was a bridge we could find there, our sleep would be sweet as an infant's, instead of being a wild race from shark to devil-fish, and from devilfish to shark again. But why not take a western course to Gibraltar, and not touch the Bay at all? Because we have a cargo of cottonseed oil for Bordeaux, and must pass through this storm-center to get there. It was not necessary for us to take this cargo of oil to the land of olives. It will not add a single comfort to our trip, or help us to anything we could not otherwise have. But we engaged to do it, and will have to get into port as best we can. the Signal Service reports are encouraging when we return from Killarney, we will go to sea at once.

Having made this provisional arrangement, the Council adjourned to the Concert Room. We found the junior preacher entertaining the League with stories of his experiences among sailors. Part of his work was to care for the Methodists on the battleships and cruisers that were often in port. We knew that appointments were made to camps and naval stations, but we were net prepared to hear of the magnificent work which British Methodism is doing there.

Leaguers do not understand how difficult it is for Methodists, or any Nonconformists, to get due recognition in the Army and Navy. The Episcopal church of England has controlled the War Office, and, until late years, was the only church recognized there. Now the authorities are forced to recognize the influence of British Methodism. It has 37,000 men in the millitary service. For the welfare of these soldiers and sailors it has thirty-six homes in different parts of the Empire. And each home is a center of influences which make for the physical and moral well-being of all they touch.

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This junior preacher was present, a few weeks ago, at the opening of a new Home for the London garrison. He describes it as a network of attractive and helpful agencies. There were the parlors furnished in white and crimson; the reading rooms with leading papers and magazines on their tables, and a library that would do credit to many a college; the music room with piano in it and other attractive features—all this to compete with the saloon and low music hall, which are the curse of a soldier's life. The general in command of the Home Department, Sir Henry Trotter, was present at the opening, and paid a generous tribute to what Methodism was doing for them.

The Army and Navy Committee have great plans for They expect help from the 20th Centhe next five years. tury Fund, and will add to this half a million, to be spent in building and furnishing Homes, and enlarging some that already exist. Only a few days since, a meeting was held to inaugurate the new movement. Thirty thousand dollars were pledged early in the meeting, and checks and promises have been coming in since then. They aimed at two ends in these homes, said Sir Henry Fowler—to provide home comforts and healthy amusements for the men. and to raise their moral and religious tone. not asking their friends to subscribe to an experiment, but to a fact. Great success had attended the effort to provide soldiers with homes away from home. And with this provision there would be an increase in the number of chaplains appointed to camps and stations.

Our Wesleyan brethren have scarcely laid down the burden of the Five Million Thanksgiving Fund. But they seem to regard this as a beginning rather than the end. They have tasted the exquisite pleasure which comes of doing things for God in a large and generous way, and they would continue to live on this high plane.

We remembered the services at Gravesend, in which the Superintendent of the Seaman's Mission presented the claims of his new Home. We were pleased to hear that it was nearly finished, and it had one feature which 32 CORK.

distinguished it from every other Home in the Empire. Back of its main building is a row of model cottages, in which sailor's families can be cared for by the Sisters of the Mission.

It is a significant tribute to this work that the Corporation of the City of London recently made to it a grant of one hundred guineas. And only last week the Company of Goldsmiths, on their own motion, gave a similar amount. These ancient Guilds are very conservative, and gifts for religious purposes very seldom go outside the Established Church.

An appeal for clothing and coal, which the Superintendent made in last week's *Methodist Times*, suggests the darker side of Mission work. While the supreme aim is to bring Christ to the hearts and homes of these seamen, there is an appalling amount of tributary work to be done. It is what all these Home Missions are doing. And this was the spirit of the great evangelist, in whose steps it should be our delight to walk. In his eighty-second year, Wesley spent five hours of one day, in a driving sleet and snow, collecting money and clothing for the suffering poor!

V.

CORK TO KILLARNEY.

LOCOMOTIVE AND NATURAL SCENERY—FINE CHURCH AND MISERABLE CABINS—RELATION OF ROMISH CHURCH TO IGNORANCE AND POVERTY—BEAUTY OF THE LOWER LAKE—ROSS ISLAND—INNISFALLEN—O'SULLIVAN'S CASCADE—SONG AND LEGEND.

The only way to study a rural scene in Ireland is to go afoot, or in a jaunting car. A sure way not to see it is to look through the window of an express train. Yet the League went to Killarney on the Western Mail, and in less time than it spent on the road to Blarney the day, before. It is only fair to say that we were very much ashamed of ourselves when the train rushed and shrieked into a quiet valley, which should always be approached with music and reverence. And when we stopped, as we did more than once, in a very Eden of beauty, and the black smoke drifted among the arbutus trees, or was swept against the green hillsides we looked as guilty as if we had been caught in a neighbor's sheepfold. Our excuses were that we had not time to travel to the Lakes in the best way; that the forty miles up and down these hills would be too much for the frail members of our League; that the—But who ever failed to have good excuses for doing what they really wanted to do?

In the last ten miles of this ride we passed through a miserable-looking hamlet. A contrast to its bare, neglected cabins, was a splendid stone church, with ornate crosses and rich carving and stained windows. Groups of ragged children were swarming about it. Not far away was another large building, evidently meant for a school,

but not used for anything; its windows broken and its roof falling into decay. We asked the minister of Tralee circuit, who happened to be on the train, what this meant. He said it was a key to the ignorance and poverty of hundreds of villages in the south and west of Ireland. The Educational Board would make adequate provision for the poor of every parish. Its law is that every teacher must pass a certain examination, and he is not to teach the Romish or Protestant creed in school. The priest wants to be schoolmaster. But not one in ten can pass the examination, and not one in a hundred can abstain from The result often is, the peasant is sectarian teaching. ordered to send his children to the church, where they are taught a Romish Catechism and hatred of everything Protestant and English. In many parishes, where the population is altogether Romish, the school buildings go to ruin and the grants remain in the treasury.

This Irish Methodist pastor called our attention to another suggestive fact. There are the same laws relating to education, land tenure and all civil questions, in the north-east and south-west of Ireland. Any difference in climate and soil is in favor of the south-west. Yet its people are ignorant, unprogressive, and seem to be always on the verge of famine and insurrection. In the north-east the people are educated, progressive, prosperous and law-abiding. The vital difference is, in the south-west the population is largely Romish; in the north-east it is largely Protestant.

From Killarney station we walked a mile and a half to the nearest of the three lakes, which are like three diamonds in a setting of majestic mountains. The approaches to this district remind us of the wild glen of Gowrie which leads to the Highlands; only it is winter now, and there is a luxuriant growth of vines and gigantic hollys and groves of arbutus, covered with scarlet berries, which the Highlands cannot produce even in summer.

The Lower Lake is the largest, being five miles long and three wide, and there are thirty islands in it. The

northern shore is flat, and its dark boulders are covered with a delicate lace-work of brown moss and tinted lichen. On the west are nearly perpendicular cliffs, and a dense evergreen forest of light arbutus and dark firs clings to its sides. Towards the south the wooded hills sweep round into the Bay of Glena.

It is not the thought of wildness or grandeur which this lake impresses on the mind, but the thought of beauty; soft, gentle, bewitching beauty. The forest scene in the west, the verdant hills and purple glens in the east and south, the deep blue waters broken only by the shadow of forest and islet and passing cloud, make a picture for life; a picture of unstained and perfect beauty.

We went first to Ross Island, the largest of the group. This was the home of the great chieftain O'Donoghoe, who lives in this district as Douglas lives in Western Scotland. The Castle is seven centuries old, and was the last fortress in the province that was taken by the English. We climb the spiral stone staircase, which is inside the square tower, and have a view of the whole district.

We had luncheon on Innisfallen, an island which contains in its thirty acres every type of natural scenery. It has a strip of dense woodland, dark and gloomy enough for a Druidical temple; undulating pastures in which sheep are feeding; bowers of magnolia in which thrushes are making their wild music; tiny streams nearly hidden by masses of fern; cascades; velvet lawns and bare, wild rocks.

Our guide directs us to the luxuriant holly trees, one of which is said to be the largest in Europe. And as if the little island could not make room for all that must grow there, we see four different trees which seem to have but one trunk until they are eight feet from the ground.

On one side of the Island is the most famous ruin in the country. In the year 600, a monastery was built here. And in the centuries which followed it did the work in Southern Ireland which Iona did in Scotland. The "annals of Innisfallen," a record of Church History from the fourth century, was written in this monastery.

Boats were waiting in a tiny inlet to take us to the west shore. We land on a rich carpet of moss and fern, and walk in a narrow, winding glen to O'Sullivan's Cascade. The growth is dense and tangled as in a tropical forest. Most of the way is so thickly overhung with vines that the sun never enters, and early on a bright afternoon we are in the twilight. In a few minutes we hear a deep roar, and suddenly come upon the stream which bounds from cliff to cliff, nearly a hundred feet to the dark abyss it has worn in the solid granite. Such grandeur would be impressive anywhere, but it is startling after the sweet, restful beauty of Innisfallen.

The most delightful hour of the afternoon was spent rowing on the Lake. At a certain spot, our boatman played on his cornet the first bars of an Irish melody. Faintly at first, the sound came back to us from the old Castle. Then it became more distinct, and passed from place to place until every peak and island in the enchanted circle was vocal with song. After playing Moore's "Sweet Innisfallen," and "Kathleen Mavoureen," he told us of the great O'Donoghoe who rose out of these waters on May-day morning, mounted on his white horse, and attended by beautiful Irish music.

At this point we heard voices calling us from the north shore. A train of jaunting cars had come to take us to the station.

VI.

KILLARNEY.

ANOTHER DAY AMONG THE LAKES—CABINS—IRISH PEAS-ANTS CONTRASTED WITH SCOTCH—EXPERIENCES IN HOTEL—GUIDES—MUCKROSS ABBEY—DEVIL'S PUNCH BOWL—TORC CASCADE; ITS COLOR AND BEAUTY.

"A telegram for the President of the Epworth League," said the railway porter, as our members filed into the It was a message from the office of the Weather station. "Storm on coast tomorrow, going southeast." Bureau. This meant that the City of Marianna had better stay in the Cove until there was a smooth sea outside. Raging billows and howling winds are mighty factors in the building of a poem, and in the stringing of impressive phrases, but they are not desirable as personal experiences. We had not forgotten the half-hour spent in the Iona Sound, and the President at once decided that we would spend one more day in this enchanted district.

We waited till the train passed, then gave the remaining hour of the afternoon to a study of the neighborhood. The cabins we saw on our return from the Lake, and these north of the railway are, in the distance, very much like the cabin of the Highlands. There are the same rough stone walls, thratched roof and earthen floor. Here the resemblance ends. In nearly every doorway, or stretched on the earth inside, we see that historic creature—the Irish pig; and the ragged, lighthearted, loquacious peasants are coming in from the fields. We can hardly believe that these people and the cold, melancholy, self-contained Highlander have come from the same stock. Climate will account for something. The wildness and hardships, and

dangers of his life—black chasms and treacherous seas ready to destroy him, and the pale sun seen only through rifts of vapor and broken rainbows—all this has an influence upon the disposition and character of the northern But his religious creed and training count for more than c'imate. He takes the Shorter Catechism with his oatmeal, and it makes the fibre of his moral nature. modern tendency to modify and explain away the harsher features of Calvinism until it becomes boneless as a jellyfish, he regards with great contempt. He takes the system as it came from Geneva, and pushes its teaching to the This tends to make him hard and verge of fatalism. gloomy, a contrast to his voluble and impulsive brother of the South. Even this will not explain all the contrasts we see in these descendants of the ancient Celt, and we leave the question to be settled by those who know less about it than we do.

We were directed to the Robert Emmet Hotel, and after engaging all the rooms they had, the President enquired with some concern about the prospects for supper. She had made no provision for this hour, yet her numerous family, numbering fifty-seven persons, each as hungry as two bears, had to be provided for. The landlord was not sure that he could satisfy us. The season had not opened and very few servants were there, but he would see what could be done by eight o'clock. His tone rather than his words put us at ease. And when the hour came supper was ready Had we read the message which was sent to Cork, and then had seen the hampers which came on the night Express, we would not have wondered at the superb breakfast which waited for us the next morning. simple justice to pay the tribute of a few words to a dish that was new to nearly all of us—cold pork pie. There was not the remotest suggestion of grossness about it. must have been made of the most sensitive and delicate weanlings; the crust so flaky and ethereal that it melted before it could be well tasted, and its seasoning so skilfully compounded that no one could guess what was in it.

Cowper's poem on "The Musselman and Pork," was suggested by that breakfast. Afterwards the landlord told the pastor with great glee that not a taste was left for himself, and at least a dozen Leaguers asked him for the name of the artist who made those incomparable pies.

A few minutes after sunrise fifteen jaunting cars were drawn up before the hotel, and we began our trip to the eastern side of the Lakes. The appearance of the sky disturbed us. Masses of grey clouds, with dull blue edge, suggested thunder and rain which might break over us by noon. Our guides made light of our fears, but we have learned that guides will not look for bad weather early in the day. We do not take a professional guide if we can help it. He not only knows too much, but resents as a reflection upon himself, any knowledge which you may have. And to question any legend or bit of history he may give you is an unpardonable sin. We are obliged to have one now. The day must close at Killarney station by four o'clock in the afternoon, and we want to go round the head of the Upper Lake and return on its western side.

Half an hour over a wild road brings us to Muckross Abbey. We never weary of these ecclesiastical ruins. The faith taught in them was often a sad perversion of the simple faith of Christ. But twilight is far better than pitchy darkness, and for centuries these places were the only centers of civilizing and religious influences. This Abbey was built in the fourteenth century, and now there remains the nave, choir and the capacious cellars in which the self-denying brethren stored their wines. Most of us lingered before the splendid east window or among the tombs of famous Irish kings, while the younger boys measured a yew tree which grew in the cloisters and threw a shadow over the whole place. They said its trunk was nearly five feet through.

We cannot rest here, and four miles southeast of the Abbey, between two peaks of the Mangerton mountain, and two hundred feet above the level of the Lakes, we come

to the Devil's Punch-Bowl. It is a tarn or lakelet in a deep gorge, and as we look over the precipice it seems to be black as ink and still as death. It is always icy cold yet never freezes, and it has no bottom—so says the guide. Its echo has a circular motion, coming nearer and going farther away at regular intervals. Once a guide played a joke on a tourist, and proved to him that sound cannot cross this lake. Since then this joke has been in every programme. Our guide stationed us on one side, then went to a peak on the other, and seemed to be yelling at the top of his voice, but not a sound came to us. Then we tried to reach him, but he put his hand to his ear and solemnly shook his head. At this moment three of our boys appeared on the peak beside him. They concluded that no harm could be done if they studied this question The result was satisfactory to all of usfor themselves. excepting the guide.

This lake has an outlet on the western side, and its black torrent is aptly named the Devil's Stream. We follow it as closely as the road will allow us, until we come to where it forms the Torc Cascade, which is considered the most beautiful waterfall in Great Britain. The first bound of the stream is as a solid sheet to the broken rocks twelve feet below; then it divides and falls fifty more feet—a flood of roaring, flashing waters.

Southey's string of words about Lodore will describe, in a general way, all the Cascades which are known to us. The two features which distinguish the Torc Cascade from others are, first, its color. When the water bends over the arching rocks at the brow of the falls, it is a clear nut-brown, shading to black in the deep pools. And the veils of white mist which cling to the edges and rise from the abyss, have a rich, creamy tint. The non-artistic eyes among us noticed this at once. The second distinctive feature is, its superb beauty. This feature is brought out by the wild grandeur of the hills which surround it, and is heightened by the trees and vines, which grow to the water's edge. It is literally encircled by the luxuriant

holly and arbutus, the light and dark green of their foliage in fine contrast, and vines reach out until they droop in its spray, or become tremulous in the air-currents which sweep through it. We spent an hour listening to its music and trying to make it our own, and as we tore ourselves away the thought which possessed us was, "How beautiful it all is!"

Below the Cascade the stream rushes through a narrow chasm, dark with pines and firs. A few small cascades interrupt it, but for nearly half a mile it moves silently and swiftly to its end. It is scarcely eleven o'clock when a war-whoop from two boys in front tell us they have reached the shores of the Middle Lake.

VII.

KILLARNEY TO CORK.

THE MIDDLE LAKE—TO LOWER LAKE BY WATER—WILD SCENERY—MEMORY OF A STORM—BACK TO CORK—TEST OF A METHODIST—STATISTICS OF MODERN ROMANISM.

The Middle Lake is two miles long and one wide, and has four islands in it. One of these is pointed out as the place which Sir Walter Scott thought the most beautiful in the district. There was an aching void in Sir Walter's nature which this particular island happened to fill, or the novelist may not have said a word about it. One great charm of this Lake is, its indented shores. It is nearly a complete circle of miniature capes and bays. And in the summer, when the luxuriant grass and foliage are their greenest, this feature will be more charming than now.

As soon as we reached the shore the President called a meeting of the Council. Shall we go to the Upper Lake by water? Good boats were there and strong arms to pull them. By way of Torc mountain, along its foothills, was a most attractive road. Thackeray says, "it beggars description." But we have scarcely time for it, and we learn now that jaunting cars cannot enter the rough glens on the western side. So we will spend three hours on the water, and then be able to return to the afternoon train.

The guide points out a mass of cavernous rock towards the north shore, which is the scene of a pathetic death in Gerald Massay's story. It is a spot of weird and startling magnificence, as if an earthquake had upheaved its rocks, and they had been arrested just when they began to fall.

This is a fit place for tragedies, but as a matter of fact, the poor girl of the story was drowned in the lower Shannon. The few among us who knew this held their peace, while the guide gave us his tiresome version of the story. What a benediction it would be upon the heads of long-suffering tourists if guides would learn to talk less! There are scenes of such beauty or wildness, we passed them this morning, that the receptive soul is thrilled and bows itself in silent worship at His feet who made them, and the most musical words are utterly out of place.

It was a delightful change from the stony roads to this gliding over the quiet Lake. We soon enter the "Long Range," the name given to a channel which leads to the Upper Lake. The old Weir Bridge, of only two arches, so confines the waters that after rains the current is very swift. We pass under it safely, and by noon we are in the smallest and grandest of the Killarney Lakes. To get a good view of it we land on one of the islands, and from its summit, sixty feet above the water, we see everything. There are at least seven islands, and if that strip of dense woodland on the east side is not a cape, there are eight.

It is what can be seen from it that makes this Lake so famous. It is in the very heart of the mountain region, and seems to be completely girdled by the bleak, wild hills. On the north shore the Purple mountains are nearly three thousand feet high; to the east are the sky-piercing crags of Carran-Tual, and westward are the Reeks, the highest in the country, and rising like walls out of the deep water. If there were glaciers clinging to their sides, and crowns of snow resting on their peaks, we could easily imagine ourselves in Switzerland.

All is peaceful now. The cloud-banks of the morning have left only a few wreaths in the sky, like white shells resting on an azure sea. But one summer afternoon, farther off than the writer cares to remember, two students and a guide had a storm to themselves on this Upper Lake. One of them had a mania for sunsets, a weakness which still clings to him, and which he has not yet learned to be

ashamed of. This afternoon there were clouds enough to serve as canvas for the sun, and the entire circle of mountains lifted up their peaks and domes, waiting to be But a storm came up suddenly from the transfigured. Atlantic, and continued into the twilight. The wild splendor of it cannot be described. And when it was safe for the students to leave their hiding place, there was only a dull purple in the west, and the ghostly mists were trailing over the wet rocks and spreading a white veil over the They—the students, not the mists—were glad to find a stone hut in one of the glens, and on a bed of dried fern they dreamt of supper and glorious sunsets. All this is now an ancient memory.

The Francis Mahoney was waiting for us at Cork, and we went home without delay. We hold our League meeting after supper, and when the moon rises there will be an excursion to the mouth of the Cove.

This League meeting has the right of way on Friday night. Not once during our first trip did we fail to have it. The temptation to give way was sometimes very great, but the President always decided that Methodists—people of method—should not allow anything they can control to touch a regular church service. And an invitation to dine with an Emperor would not have been accepted. It is one of the ironies, that many people who wear this name, have so little of its quality in their lives. And our young people should be taught, mainly by example, that no Methodist worthy of the name will allow any social claims to put aside the supreme claim of an established religious service. This is a good test to apply when we are searching for pure gold.

The first paper read at this meeting was on "The Statistics of Romanism in England and the United States." Most extravagant claims are made in public addresses, political papers and in all statements sent to other countries. But in their own papers and ecclesiastical meetings they give each other the facts in regard to Romanism in England. They speak of that country as "obstinately and

hopelessly Protestant." At a late meeting of the Catholic Benevolent Society, Cardinal Vaughan said that Catholics were "a small and insignificant body." Father Powell, in a conference of priests, said that "never since the days of Elizabeth had their prospects been darker than at present;" and "their numbers were on the decrease." The late Cardinal Manning, Mivart and others all sing in the same minor key when before their own people.

The Capuchin monk was simply repeating what came to them from the United States. When counting members the Romanists include all who have been baptized, from the infant to the criminal who dies on the scaffold; while in Protestant churches only communicants are counted. If all adherents and children were reckoned there would be in the United States: Methodists, 18,000,000; Baptists, 14,000,000: Romanists, 7,000,000; Presbyterians, 5,000,000; all others, 17,000,000. This allows Romanists less than eleven per cent of the population.

Further, the relative growth is less among Romanists. From 1870 to 1900, Protestants gained nearly eight times as many as they did.

There is another suggestive fact. They have lost more heavily in the United States than any where else in the world. The *Irish World* says that immigration and natural increase, not counting a solitary convert, ought to give them a population of 28,000,000. Whereas, if all Germans, Italians and Poles are included, there are less than 10,000,000. And a Jesuit paper laments that her losses "are simply appalling. She is losing today, and every day."

Why, then, does the Romanist church need to be constantly watched and checked?

- 1. The Romanist vote is a unit. With few exceptions, its people vote as one man.
- 2. This vote is directed by the priest. The most adroit politician in Washington is an Archbishop. In every city of the Union the influence of Romanists is for or against men and measures as they seem to be for or

against the church. Not long since there was organized "Federation Societies of Catholics," in order to secure such State and National legislation as will serve their purpose. This looks like barring a door that is already locked. It may mean that Romanists feel the influence of Protestantism so that both bolts and bars are needed to keep their people in subjection.

3. Its aim is to capture or control the press. The most skillful and persistent efforts are made to secure editorial chairs, or places on the staff of papers, that suggest and direct public thought. The fine hand of the Jesuit is on the machinery of the Associated Press when anything happens in the church, and the death of a pope is used to secure free and laudatory advertisement, which ought to cost them half a million dollars.

For these reasons the Romanish church needs to be watched and checked. It has already gained a political influence out of all proportion to its deserts.

VIII.

CORK.

"TWO STREAMS, A PARABLE," BY PRESIDENT—PREPARING FOR GUESTS—MOONLIGHT TRIP—MOONLIGHT ON LANDSCAPE—REVIEW OF SERMONS—LONG AND SHORT SERMONS.

The second paper on "Two Streams, a Parable," was prepared and read by the President. We remember a little stream which runs through Innisfallen. There is not much force behind it, and every impediment—a hollow, a pile of stones or a curve in its channel is sufficient to arrest it, and it stops long enough to get its breath again. There are not ten feet of continuous flow. It loses itself in a pool, or breaks into foam against a rock, then divides and tries to creep around it, and at every pause seems to be undecided whether to go on or lie down and die.

This little stream represents a class of young people when they enter upon mature life. Youth has been wasted, and now their natures have not the momentum which comes of good thinking and doing. They come to the difficult places in life, and they are too weak to surmount them. Temptations to the dance, card-table and saloon are yielded to. A few words of ridicule will turn them aside from duty. The whole life is colored and moulded by its conditions, and is weak and vascillating to the end.

We remember the swift, deep stream which goes from the Torc Falls to the Middle Lake. It adjusts itself to the channel, but is not impeded or checked by anything. It

goes into the hollows with the bending line of a strong seawave, and comes up on the other side without any loss of speed, and with all the ease of a bounding tiger. If a ridge of a few feet is in its way it goes ever it, changing it into a smooth dome of water. Thus it goes on to the Lake, silent, strong, majestic.

This stream is like the noblest type of young manhood and womanhood which we meet in life. Their youth has been cared for, and they enter upon mature life with the strong impetus which early consecration gives to it. When temptations assail them they are resisted. Neither threats nor ridicule can move them a hairsbreadth from the way. Difficulties nerve these heroic spirits for greater effort, and they overcome in the strength which Christ gives. The whole life is colored and moulded from within, and continues strong and persistent to the end.

In closing this paper the President made an earnest appeal to every member of the League to fill and adorn the place for which the heavenly Father made them. And if they belonged to the feeble class, they were not to wait for some strong spirit to come and help them. The best way to gain strength is to help those who are weaker still.

After the League came a meeting of the Council. There are several questions to be decided tonight. The first is soon disposed of. We will not go to sea until next Tuesday, and this will enable us to see Dublin and spend the Sabbath there. It is doubtful if we would make time for this after our Mediterranean cruise, and Dublin is a city we cannot afford to pass by. It has many attractions in itself, and there runs out of it the best equipped and most picturesque electric railway in the world. It extends eight miles north, and ten miles south of the city. Now we are only six hours from Dublin, and we hope to be there soon after noon tomorrow.

Another question came before us. On a British warship, now in port, there are not less than fifty Methodists; the first officer being a local preacher of forty years service. They wanted to visit us, was the message brought

that afternoon by the junior preacher of the Cork circuit, and when will it suit us to receive them? We reply that Monday evening we will be glad to see them. The President suggested that, as we would have luncheon prepared for them, the steward had better be notified of the arrange-Without waiting to be sent for, this worthy servant and master of us all was now at the door, with amusement and perplexity in his face. The boys, and we learn that not the boys alone, had given him no peace since we returned. They wanted him to go to a certain bakery in Cork, and secure twelve dozen of those pies they had for breakfast at Killarney. He would not do this without authority from us. So varied and intricate are the problems which this official Board has to solve! Before we can attend to this, the shrill whistle of the Francis Mahoney reaches us, and in ten minutes we are on our way to the Mouth of the Pass.

It is not only to see the moonbeams play on the water that we treat ourselves to this excursion. We are not quite satisfied with our reasons for staying here till next week, and a glimpse of the wild seas outside the Cove may have a bracing effect upon us. So we go near enough to the entrance to see the dark, undulating hills with crests of snow on them. The air is filled with flying shrouds of vapor, and on the headlands west of the Pass the roar of breakers is like the detoning of cannon. There is scarcely any wind inside, for the storm is driving a little south of east. But there is an uneasy and irregular swell of the waves which reminds us of that awful night three days west of here, and we return to one of the islands in the Cove.

We have often felt the touch of weirdness and mystery which moonlight gives to a landscape. In the cypress swamps of the lower South, with the streamers of grey moss, twelve feet long, undulating in the still air, and the slanting rays of white light falling on logs and vines and wisps of vapor, we can make any sort of picture we please. An ordinary imagination will enable one to do this. For a

week past the President has spent an hour after supper reading to us of the Spaniards in Florida, and the marvelous stories they wrote of old castles and ruined cities they discovered in its swamps. We had traced all this to the Munchausen spirit that was in them. Now as we stroll under the tall evergreens, the moonbeams sifting through the foliage, we see pictures that would make one of those ambitious dons turn in his grave.

Late as it was wher we returned to the ship, the older members remained in the Concert room to hear caustic comments on the war from Labouchere's paper, which one of us found that afternoon in Cork. In the Review Department the reader came to a criticism so unique and striking that she gave it to us. The rector of ———, in Surrey, had published a volume of sermons, and the reviewer gave three lines to it. He says the sermons are printed on very poor paper, and what a pity it is to spoil the paper! The Leaguers agree that, whatever may be the defects of these sermons, the criticism is needlessly harsh and abrupt. If an author must be stretched on the rack, talk to him meanwhile of downy pillows and beds of roses, so that he may be spared the agonies of anticipation. Most reviewers adopt this course. They approach the book with such deference, and show such a high appreciation of qualities that could easily have been there, that if the author himself came upon the criticism he would hardly suspect its meaning.

We cannot report in full the conversation which followed, and which naturally drifted to sermons and preaching. It is seldom that the Pew gets the ear of the Pulpit. If this was done oftener, the bonds which unite the two would be closer and stronger than they now are. They were devout and intelligent Leaguers who had a part in this conversation, and we give the points that were made:

1. The message should be given in a way that will make it most effective. We owe this to the message, and to the people who listen to it. The supreme purpose is to present the truth from God so as to arouse the conscience,

and lead men and women to Christ and His service. To put the emphasis on style or arrangement or mode of teaching, is to betray a sacred trust. At the same time, we should give the very best we have—the ripest fruit of the heart and brain, when we deliver this message. Only beaten oil should be used in the sanctuary.

2. The length of a sermon is not determined by the clock. A discourse of twenty minutes may be insufferably long; another of sixty minutes may be unreasonably short. To insist that all sermons shall attain a certain length is as foolish as to make a fish-pond cover the area of an inland sea. It fulfils its mission within the compass of an acre; it loses itself trying to attain the dimensions of the other. A sermon should be proportionate. Its depth and breadth must harmonize with the length.

The test of a cyclist is knowing how to get off. This is the last lesson a preacher learns—when and how to dismount: and many seem not to learn it at all. There are few things more distressing to the discerning and sympathetic hearer than to see a preacher pass the stopping place without knowing it, or without being able to get off, and—"Be exceedingly careful," said a good genius whose privilege it is to look over the writer's shoulder and lend a helping hand when it is needed, "be exceedingly careful. It is so easy to pass from a talk about preaching to preaching itself, and unconsciously illustrate what has just been condemned—length, without proportionate breadth and depth!"

IX.

CORK TO DUBLIN.

WHY WE GO TO DUBLIN—ITS STREETS AND BUILDINGS—TO HOWTH ON ELECTRIC CARS—STUDIES IN ORNITHOLO-GY—TRINITY COLLEGE—SUBSTITUTE FOR SALOON—IRISH BARRISTER ON ROMISH PRIESTS—THOUGHTS ON IRISH QUESTION.

It was not only to keep out of the way of storms that the Council decided to visit Dublin. We want the League to get a correct and adequate impression of Ireland. cannot get this abroad, for the Irishman one usually meets in the United States represents his class, not his race. Nor can this province of Munster give it to us, for there is the blight of Romanism on its educational and religious life. To obtain correct views of this country we must see not only its cabins and chivalrous peasantry, but the high type of christian civilization which prevails in its eastern It is a land of contrasts—in society, and northern cities. politics and religion. And more vividly than in other centers, we see in Dublin both sides of these questions, from one point of view.

It has an ideal situation. The Bay forms a crescent on the east, and the river Liffey, more like a picturesque estuary, flows through it from the west. This enables a city to add to its architectural beauty by building bridges, and ten of these connect North and South Dublin. Its main street, Sackville, is a thoroughfare, one hundred and fifty-three feet wide, and is adorned with statues of Nelson, O'Connell and other famous Irishmen. The League de-

cided that we had not seen a street in Paris or Brussels that would compare with it.

We have not an hour of this Saturday afternoon to waste, and before we take a ride northward on the electric railway, we visit the Courts of Justice, a fine group of buildings, not yet a century old and crowned with a great dome. Not far away is the Custom House, the most imposing building in the city. Since London became the center of the Customs business, this has become head-quarters for Stamps and Internal Revenue.

But we will soon have something better to do than gaze at fine buildings. The cars arranged for our trip are coming, and we are soon going up the north coast to the village and Castle of Howth. These eight miles over a perfect road; to the left of us the purple splendors of the heather lingering on the hills; to the right of us the gentle music of the Bay as its tide comes in—this we will not attempt to describe. The track is built along the shore, and a stone wall runs its entire length to protect it from the sea. Now the waves nearly reach it, and a strong east wind will blow the spray over the track.

Sixty minutes at Howth! Most of this time we spend on the promontory, six hundred feet above the sea. below us the waves are lazily rising and falling on the sands, and the eye follows the curve of the white fringe of surf until it reaches the headland of Dalkey, ten miles, as the crow flies, to the south of us. From the apex of the half-circle we trace the gleaming line of the river until it is lost in the haze of the western hills. Turning from west to north, we see a country of undulating ridges, in places rising into abrupt hills, with dark glens between them. Where the glen has an opening to the south, its wooded slopes are drenched in gold. The city seems to be not far away, and we see distinctly its main streets and squares. In the fashionable quarters nearly all its mansions have been built or renovated since the Union of eighteen hundred. This suggests that the wealth, if not the vote of the city, is in the hands of the English.

On our return we had some pleasant glimpses of bird An electric car is not usually the best place for ornithological study, but we saw a greater variety of birds. and more groups of them, in thirty minutes than in any The tide has turned and there other half-hour of our trip. is a widening strip of damp beach, and on the projecting rocks are forests of dripping seaweed. This is the bird's late dinner hour, and the ground is alive with them. curlew, ringed plover, oyster catcher and hosts of smaller birds are probing the moist sand and turning over the slimy weeds, and a line of them is on the edge of the retreating tide. Nearer the city, on the dried places, are hosts of land birds-titlarks, wagtails and others whose family names are not known to us. They are not here in special numbers today for our entertainment. This four o'clock dinner is a daily exercise, and far too serious a thing to be interfered with by an electric car. Two white herons, not over fifty yards from the track, only lift their heads as we pass.

The last hour of the afternoon we spend in the Museum of Trinity College. This College deserves a day to itself. It has done for Ireland what the University of Virginia has done for the Southern States. On its roll are such names as Usher, Berkeley, Goldsmith and Moore. Museum is particularly rich in manuscrips. the Gospels prepared on vellum in the ninth century; the exquisite book of Kells written by the Innisfallen monks in the eighth century; and other rolls beautifully finished, and worth a hundred times their weight in gold, are among More attractive than these, is the harp its treasures. which belonged to Brian Boroimhe, who conquered the Danes in the tenth century. This hero is in Irish legend what Arthur, of the Round Table, has become in the legends of ancient Britain.

Instead of returning to our hotel for supper, we went to a Temperance restaurant in Sackville street. The Dublin Bread Company has established these places all over the city, not in any home mission interest, but as a business enterprise. There are large and bright dining rooms on the ground floor. Above are rooms for smoking, games and reading; and the third floor is rented to clubs. There is no suggestion of cheapness in the furniture, food or service; and a band of music is on the second balcony. The thought came to us in that attractive dining room, "Here is a main key to success in Temperance reformation. We say to men who would destroy the christian faith, 'Before you do that, put something better in its place.' And patrons of the saloon have the same feeling when we take the roof off the only public refuge they have."

A marked copy of an evening paper had been sent to our hotel. It contained an account of our arrival, also an appreciative description of our good ship by their Cork c rrespondent. Sir Thomas Lipton had come into port, and his yacht was referred to as a baby by the side of the City of Marianna. He had paid more attention to luxurious furnishing; but for spacious accommodation and genuine comfort, the palm was given to us.

We read also in this paper a lecture given in the Rotunda the night before by J. F. McCarty, an Irish and Catholic barrister of Dublin. His indictment of priestly rule and its effects, was very striking. The priests of Ireland had become the most prosperous and wealthy, while the people were the most downtrodden and despondent white race in the world. Nearly all the educational institutions of the country were in the hands of the priest, and Catholic children could not compete with the children All the great industrial nations were of Protestants. Priestly rule meant ignorance and national Protestant. decay. He was not there in the interest of any party, but as an Irish Catholic and the father of children. McCarty is widely known as a keen-sighted and fearless man, and his words made a great impression.

We will not go far into the many-sided and intricate Irish question; though we have the supreme qualification for so doing—we know very little about it. Two thoughts may help us to a little light.

- 1. The vital mistake of the English in Ireland has been, trying to make a lesser England of it. Wales has its Eisteddfod, and Scotland has all the distinctively Celtic societies it wants, yet none of them are regarded as anti-English. The Colonies are developing a new type of national life which they jealously guard, and England does not look upon this as a menace to its supremacy. Even the counties of England have views and habits which are peculiarly their own. And there is peace among them, because each admits the other's rights. Only in Ireland are peculiarly national traits and institutions considered anti-English. And the attempt to suppress them, and impose English views and life has been at the root of centuries of friction and trouble.
- 2. England has persisted in this course because of Ireland's disloyalty to the British Empire. It is not a desire to be cruel, or an arbitrary determination to withhold privileges which the Colonies enjoy, but England cannot afford to have a hostile parliament in the very heart of its empire. Lord Rosebery said lately, "If Ireland was loyal, I would gladly give her the privileges of the self-governing colonies." Only the other day, the Irish party in the House of Commons actually cheered when news came of disaster to British arms in South Africa. This disloyalty is in the districts over which the priests bear rule. A thorough Romanist is loyal only so far as that is consistent with supreme loyalty to Rome.

There is one bit of blue in this dark sky. A resolute attempt is being made to divest the Irish question of its ecclesiastical features. Protestants are making themselves felt in the Home Rule party. Mr. Crawford, the Governor of Wesley College, and ex-President of the Irish Conference, and Sir Thomas Pile, the Methodist Lord Mayor, are Home Rulers. The Presbyterians and Methodists, the two strong Protestant churches of Ireland, could settle the Irish question in a month, if the majority was free and enlightened enough to allow them.

DUBLIN.

A RAINY SABBATH—DONNYBROOK FAIR—HEADLAND OF DALKEY—CHARMS OF THE WICKLOW DISTRICT—LEGEND OF GLENDALOUGH VALLEY—PHŒNIX PARK, AND A BIT OF DARK HISTORY.

We are going to Centenary Chapel, the Mecca of Irish Methodism, in the morning, and to a Choral service in St. Patrick's Cathedral in the afternoon. It is not always wise to wander about a strange place at night, and we will have a League service in our hotel. But we came near not going out at all. Heavy clouds drifted from the south-east and hung over the city and bay until near the time of ser-There was not a steady rain, like that at Harfleur, but there might be the next minute. When we ventured out we were surprised to find the street alive with people on their way to church, and Centenary was comfortably The Irish have the habit of going to church in bad weather. And why should they not do it? We make the children waterproof, and send them in the rain to dayschool, and we brave almost anything to get to our business six days of the week. Why should we be so sensitive on the Sabbath? Any reason which keeps us at home on this day, should be equally effective on Saturday or Monday.

The musical service in the Cathedral was the finest of the kind we attended in Europe. So says the President and others who know, and we were told by an organist in Cork that the place in Dublin which was nearest to heaven, was a seat in St. Patrick's on the Sabbath afternoon. Selections from Beethoven's "Mount of Olives," and Handel's "Lift up your heads," were superbly rendered.

There was an exquisite blending of voices, and difficult passages were given with perfect ease.

After the service we stayed long enough to see the graves of Jonathan Swift and Stella. Cathedrals are very much alike, to all but artistic and very observant people. This of St. Patrick's has two distinguishing features—the super-excellence of its music, which may pass away; and it is the tomb of Swift, which is the mark that will always abide.

There was no sunrise for us on Monday morning. The same fog hung over the city, and when breakfast was finished, it was less than six hours to train time. Our hope for a fine day rests on a cold wind, which is blowing seaward. The fog begins to undulate and gather into dense masses as we go to the electric railway, and by the time we reach Donnybrook there are blue skies, and we see the waves breaking on the rocks near Kingston.

In those fields to the right there used to be held the Donnybrook fair. Such a miscellaneous and picturesque collection of rags was not to be found anywhere else in the United Kingdom. There were long rows of tents, made of brush and covered with old dresses, coats and blankets, and things were held together by ropes of hay. A saucepan hung outside gave notice that eating could be had within, and a bottle raised on a broom handle meant that other needs were provided for. It was the paradise of children, who swarmed everywhere with drums and whistles, and the older children would exchange vows under the summer moon. There were more weddings the week after Donnybrook fair than in any other two months of the year. Every peasant carried his shillelah. national weapon was needed to prevent misunderstandings; and if now and then a head was cracked, it was done in a friendly way, and all was forgotten when the fair was over. "And what are heads good for," asks an enthusiastic native writer, "if not to be laid open in a worthy cause?" For good reasons the fair was closed many years ago, and now the old grandfather sits in the cabin door and talks of the glorious times they had when he was young.

Farther on we come to Kingston, the Newport of this coast in the summer, but almost deserted now: and beyond it is the headland of Dalkey. This affords a magnificent view of the sea, and in the southwest is the blue outline of the Wicklow mountains. An old gentleman whom we met here, had spent the past summer in the Wicklow district, and he considers it more attractive than Killarney. described to us the Dargle Glen, whose sides are so steep and densely wooded that the sunlight never touches the stream which flows through it. This capricious stream is everything by turns. Deep and quiet as a strong river, or swift and noisy as it goes over the shallows and breaks into foam against the rocks. Then it leaps wildly over a precipice of three hundred feet, and soon loses itself in pools of unknown depth—all this in the course of one short walk.

A few miles south of this is the Devil's Glen, almost hidden by the over-hanging hills, and through which the Vartrey river goes like a race horse. The old gentleman was sure he saw ten thousand singing birds there, but he had to climb away from the furious stream in order to hear them.

How his satanic majesty came into possession of all these glens and streams which bear his name, we cannot even guess. Some of them are desolate and gloomy enough, but others are the perfection of beauty, and deserve a name that suggests only what is sweet and good.

In the Glendalough valley, between the two lakes, are the ruins of the Seven Churches. St. Kevin, a famous saint of the seventh century, selected the valley as a center of learning and piety; and while second to Innisfallen in the literary work it produced, this place far surpassed it in extent and influence. Now the ground is covered with the remains of churches, monasteries, and graves of the ancient kings—the O'Toole's. It is the Baalbec of Ireland—a weird and desolate city of the dead. Only two ruins

are well preserved. St. Kevin's Kitchen, supposed to be the cell of the saint, and the Round Tower, one hundred and ten feet high, the origin and purpose of which is an unsolved problem.

There is a rude cave in the rocks which overhang the lake, and a curious legend is attached to it. St. Kevin's hatred of women was second only to his saintly zeal. To get away from them, particularly from one lovely Irish maiden, he came to this wild glen.

'Twas from Kathleen's eyes he flew— Eyes of most unholy blue!

At last he retired to this almost inaccessible cave in the rocks. And when she followed him there, the good brother threw her into the lake, and she was drowned.

"Visitors have to be careful," continued the old gentleman, "when they walk among the graves of these old kings." The banshee, an Irish fairy having the form of a hideous old woman, attaches itself to particular families. If the family becomes extinct, as the O'Toole's and many others have, the banshee dwells in the graveyard, and woe to those who, even without meaning it, treat the graves with disrespect. Unlike the brownie of England and Scotland, this banshee is cruel and vindictive. "I could give you a bit of experience along this line," he said, as the cars came up, "but I will not detain you. Be sure and treat these ancient dames with great respect, or the unexpected will happen!" In less than fifteen hours the unexpected did happen!

The wind is changing to the northeast as we return to the city, and one Leaguer maintains that it comes directly from Ben Nevis, on whose summit we were so nearly frozen the summer before last. But we are not all so sensitive to cold, and this change means a blue sky the remainder of the day.

In an hour from Dalkey we are in Phoenix Park, the "Phaynix," as our driver put it. A fifth of it is reserved for the Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, and fourteen hundred

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acres of drives and lakes and charming woodland belong to the people. We come to the place, nearly in front of the palace, where Lord Cavendish and his Secretary were That will always be a black-letter atrociously murdered. day in the history of Ireland. The Fenian conspiracy had been put down fifteen years before, but six years of Tory misrule had brought the country to the verge of revolution. Gladstone's return to power brought hope to the leaders, but the masses of the people were ready for the last straw. On May 6th, 1882 the two Representatives of the British Government, Earl Spencer and Lord Cavendish, were marching through the Capital to the Palace. The rowdy students of Trinity College, with the vicious irresponsibilty of youth, had prepared tiny bags of flour, with which they whitened the procession as it passed. This was submitted to with good humor until the Lord Mayor was struck in the mouth and nearly strangled. He was a baker by trade, and the only direct representative of the people in that large company. This was taken as a premeditated insult to the cause, and a howling mob beseiged the college We may never know whether the all that afternoon. murder was planned before this, or was the immediate outcome of it, but when Lord Cavendish and his Secretary were walking near the palace about sunset, they were attacked by five men and stabbed to death.

There is a Zoological Garden in the northeast corner, which deserves all the afternoon. We have scarcely an hour to spend there, and linger so long waiting for the lion to roar again, that we have no time to eat the luncheon that is prepared for us.

One of the amusing sights of that afternoon was a long line of people, with capacious paper bags in their hands, and nearly running the last hundred yards to the station.

XI.

CORK.

VISITORS IN OUR ABSENCE—METHODIST GUESTS FROM BRIT-ISH WARSHIP—SPEECHES—REMINISENCES—A WILD DREAM—SAILOR'S ACCOUNT OF BANSHEES—GHOSTS.

We reached Cork in the early dusk, and as there is a long twilight in this latitude, we were home before dark. The ship had distinguished visitors in our absence. Saturday afternoon the Captain noticed a steam yacht coming towards them. When about a quarter away, it turned to the left and made a complete circuit of the City Then a launch was lowered, and two genof Marianna. The captain recognized one of tlemen came to see us. them as the Earl of ----, who had been on the ship at The other was Sir Thomas Lipton, the owner Gravesend. of the yacht, which had put into the Cove for shelter the They went over the ship and seemed to be night before. pleased with everything; particularly with our spacious arrangements for home life. Sir Thomas thought it came nearer being a snug family estate than anything he had seen on water. All it needed was a race track, and that could be made, and used in a calm sea. A hundred and one questions were asked about the speed of the ship, if it was easy to manage, how much room was needed to turn round in, etc. Then they asked if we would attend the Coronation ceremonies and the Naval Review at Spithead, and they very much regretted that they would leave before the Council returned from Dublin.

Our Methodist friends from the warship came soon after dark, and had leave of absence till ten. It is one of the strange things in life that men whose business it is to defend homes, if necessary die for them, are themselves without home. And special efforts are made to bring our soldiers and sailors in touch with homelike influences.

Not the least advantage of church relationship is the social and religious favors it secures for us among strangers. The word "Methodist" has opened many a home, and brightened many hours of the League. And we endeavor to do for these strangers what has been done so often and so delightfully for us.

A few minutes are spent in the music-room, then we show our ship to them. The lower region is a hive of industry tonight, for everything must be ready by daybreak. The glaring fires and hissing steam suggest a volcano that is coming to life. We reserved the dining room to the last, and rested there nearly or quite an hour.

The informal meeting which followed could very well be called an ecumenical gathering. The three kingdoms were represented, as well as Canada and Australia, and from the crew of the warship were three sailors whose membership was in one of the Lofoden Islands, Norway. The President was in the Chair, and gave our strangerfriends a cordial welcome. We had been received so graciously everywhere, that it was a genuine pleasure to be able to extend any courtesies to others. pleasure trip we had not the opportunities which came to those whose business led them to the important ports of But we had found everywhere the type of the world. Methodism we liked to see-bright and hopeful, and always leading in the educational and social missions in which twentieth century christian people engage. Our ecclesiastical horizon had been widened the past two years. Lest these introductory remarks should grow into a speech, she would call on Captain Ludlow to address them.

The Captain has not an imposing presence; even an officer's uniform failed to give him that. But there was a

strong and chivalrous spirit in his spare frame, and we felt at once that undefinable quality which marks a leader of men. He claimed to be an Irishman, though the fact that he was born in Northern India was somewhat against him. There was no question about his Methodism. He had visited naval stations in every continent, and he never failed to find his church, and it was ever thoughtful and gracious to those who go down to the sea in ships. He never had occasion to hide his church name. On his first visit to a port he was never afraid to take any friend to his church. He knew there would be courteous recognition of all Christian people, and no denominational hedge was ever planted about the Lord's table. And for those who were not Christians they preached a present and conscious salvation.

Did they know, continued the Captain, what a commanding position had been reached by Methodism in the Southern World? The three Methodist bodies of Australia were being united, and the one church was so far ahead of others in numbers and influence, that it would soon feel the perils which come of exceptional prosperity.

We sometimes refer to the Anglo-Saxon as the dominant race, reaching out east and west, north and south, and subduing the world to itself. But a more potent factor than race is speech. The nation which persuades others to speak its language will be supreme. Stronger than speech is religion; and of religions which are called Christian, the Protestant; and of the Protestant faiths, Methodism is the most virile and progressive. At this point the Captain's eye was drawn to the younger members of the League, and he changed rather abruptly from these race and church questions to his experiences when elephant stalking in Ceylon. On one occasion a wounded elephant turned on his party, and hunting became a serious business. The next day they were going, single-file, through a jungle, and a man-eating tiger nearly carried him off. He then decided that his duty to posterity would not allow him to engage in these wild amusements. And by

posterity an Irishman did not mean his ancestors, but those who come immediately after them.

When the Captain sat down, one of the marines asked permission to say a few words on the influence of Methodism on Protestant creeds. This brother—Lachlan McNamera—was from Banff, the home of the famous naturalist, Tam Edwards, of whom he strongly reminds us. He is an amateur theologian, and nothing delights him more than a discussion of doctrines. Plain Calvinism, as it is found in the Westminster, and still preached in the Highlands, is his pet theme. He is ready to discuss, or "knock" it, on any occasion. He would do this in a love-feast, or at the funeral of his dearest friend. To discuss the uses of hemp with a man whose father was hanged, would not disconcert him at all.

He began by saying that he was a Methodist of the Methodists, and he was particularly proud of the way in which the doctrines of the Bible, as preached by Wesley, had changed the creeds of a hundred and fifty years ago. When Wesley began to preach a conscious salvation for every man, he stood alone. Every church in Britain-Anglican, Independent, Presbyterian—preached unacorned So did the churches of America. Now these creeds have been so changed and moulded by Methodism that only in the Highlands and Ulster, and Scotch settlements in the Colonies and the United States-only in these places is Calvinism preached. And the Calvinistic robe is so completely covered with Arminian patches that it needs to be plainly labelled, or its warmest friends will fail to This change was not wrought by Christian recognize it. Endeavor Societies; the work was in progress before they Nor is it owing to the spirit of the age, whatwere born. ever that may mean. It is the quiet, pervading influence of Methodism which has evangelized these creeds. likes to see his own church grow, but he is glad to see its marks in the creeds and ways of others. The last words brought a smile to the faces of his friends which seemed to say that, if he knew himself as well as they knew him,

he would say that he would rather see those who preached Methodist doctrine and adopted its methods of work, adopt also the Methodist name.

After a few words from the pastor the meeting closed, and our members and their guests were soon in groups in the music room, or walking in the cool air on the upper The pastor was fortunate in meeting two of the marines who were from a village on the edge of a Yorkshire moor, and who were still members of a church in which he spent many hours of his boyhood. His father had a quarterly appointment there on the Sabbath afternoon, and there was a strange fascination about the four miles of desolate moor, covered with purple heather, which extended to the vales and hills on the other side. church was built into the side of a hill. Its front looked down into the valley, and we had to go upstairs to the ground floor. The entrance to the little horse-shoe gallery was on the upper side, and there was a flight of ten steps which led down to it. This peculiar arrangement made a vivid impression on the boy's mind. It was very pleasant going over old places and talking of friends who are now at rest, and there was the inevitable touch of homesickness afterwards.

One of the Leaguers had a wild dream that night. He was Mazeppa, tied to a wild horse. As it bounded over the plain, he heard distinctly the wolves as they drew nearer. When clearing a ravine his bonds give way and he begins to awake. There are sharp orders and hurrying feet on deck, and below is the measured throb of machinery. Suddenly a pistol shot startles him, and in a few minutes more he hears the anchors going overboard and all becomes quiet.

It is a weird story the sailors have to tell when we go on deck, and they are ready to make oath that every word of it is true. Soon after midnight, and without any warning, the ship began to move on the tide towards the head of the nearest island. Had this happened the night before, we would have drifted on the rocky shore, which was

scarcely two miles distant. Fortunately we had steam enough to bring the ship under control, but not until we were within a quarter of the rocks. This brought into view the queerest looking things in human shape they ever Little old women, in long white robes, black hair that touched the ground, withered faces, and eyes that gleamed like green stars! There was an eager group close to the water's edge, and others were peering from When half way back to our station, a sailor behind trees. saw one of the things come up the hatchway and glide into the rigging. Without realizing what he did, he pulled out his pistol and shot it. The ball seemed to make no impression, and in a few seconds—it seemed to him an hour —the uncanny being glided down and slipped over the ship's side, without any sound or movement of the water.

An examination of the cables showed that both had been cut, a few feet below the water line. We remembered the warning of the old gentleman we met at Dalkey, and we tried to recal any incident which could have excited the anger of these guardians of the dead. We could recal nothing but this: When going over the ruins of Muckross Abbey, the boys thought they saw a red fox running from the graveyard to the cover of a thicket outside. Half a dozen of them jumped on the nearest grave, which was about four feet from the ground, so as to get a good view of that fox. And they think it was the grave of the great chieftain O'Donoghœ.

It would have been difficult for even a ghost to approach our ship the remaining hours of that night. Nor was there much sleeping in the quarters of the League. It is amusing to most of us in broad daylight, and to the more dense and stupid at all times, to hear people say they believe in ghosts or anything of that sort. "Belief in ghosts," says DeQuincy, "is a thing of conditions and circumstances. On a fine, breezy forenoon I am audaciously sceptical. But as twilight sets in my credulity grows until it becomes equal to anything that could be desired."

Here and now, we could not believe in ghosts, haunted

places and second sight. We smile at the thought of being so weak as that. But we go for a week to the Isle of Skye. We breathe its haunted atmosphere; stand in the white moonlight and see the mists creeping through a rift in the Coolins, and listen to its wild stories and songs; and we are not quite so certain about our belief. We admit with Sir Roger that a great deal can be said on both sides. Then we go with one of the old men of the island to a graveyard, where a murdered shepherd and drowned fisherman are buried, and who are known to rise at twelve o'clock and walk among the graves until dawn. We sit down on the edge of the shepherd's grave, and the old man tells us of the mermaids who sit on sunken rocks and lure the fisher to his doom; of the ruined castle where, through the night, wild songs are heard from the roofless dining hall, and groans and the clank of chains from its dungeons; and of the men who, one week before they died, met themselves in the road dressed for burial. And as midnight approaches your hair begins to stand on end, the chills begin to chase each other along your spine, and you believe every word the old man tells you!

XII. CORK TO PORTSMOUTH.

PICTURESQUE SCENERY—SICILLY ISLES—ISLE OF WIGHT—LITTLE MAIDEN GIVES LESSONS IN GEOGRAPHY AND LOCAL HISTORY—CORUNDRUMS—PORTSMOUTH—SMUGGLERS.

"I have seen this coast before and will give the day to reading," was the careless remark of a Leaguer as she entered the dining room during breakfast. Had she looked out she would have seen nothing but flocks of gulls—the Head of Kinsale had disappeared, and the Cornish coast was not yet in view. In an hour we are called on deck to see the granite cliffs about ten miles north-east from Land's End. They are seamed and rugged, and there is a wild sweep of them as far as the eye can reach. Only a few tufts of lichen or heather are seen in protected nooks near the top, and away below them the Atlantic rolls up its great purple surges crowned with plumes of silver.

The steamer came out of its way to give us a glimpse of this coast, and the next three hours it described a half circle around the rocks of Land's End. We could see only faint cloud-banks which gradually moved to the north-west. We go near enough to the Sicilly Isles to get a distinct view of them. And it is a striking and varied picture of tiny coves between the rocks, green downs alive with sheep, and apple orchards already white with bloom, which we take away with us. All this coast of Devon and Dorset we have seen before, but this invests it with greater interest. A scene that can be appropriated at one visit is not worth visiting at all.

After a good view of the crags of Portland we turn to

the south-east and the coast becomes cloudland again. We expect to go more than half way around the Isle of Wight before sunset. This miniature continent is only sixty miles in circumference. Its line outside the Solent, from the Needles to the waters of Spithead, is scarcely forty miles; but it contains enough beauty to fill the four hours which remain of the afternoon.

Two days ago the President appointed one of our girls to read about this coast, and be ready to give instruction to the League concerning scenes and places as we passed This little maiden believes in doing things the best way, and when the famous Needles came in sight we were invited, the more inert among us say we were commanded, to go on deck and receive our lesson. "That headland we are running into," said our preceptor, "is seven hundred feet high, and a long time ago it came to where we see that row of pillars. We are told that Neptune sculptured those rocks into needles to serve him when he had buttons to sew on: I think there was once a famine in those seas, and the sea-god became so hungry that he began to gnaw the headland and left only the bones." We look at these gigantic columns, their ledges whitened by thousands of sea birds, until they disappear in the west.

The lovely Freshwater Bay now comes into view. "This," continued our teacher, "is where Tennyson received the inspiration for his marine pictures. His home is in that forest of beach and elm. And that knoll, of which we had a glimpse just now through a rift in the trees, is where an Epworth League spent three pleasant days when its members were young."

We needed no guide to the panorama of the next half hour. The late Bishop Wilberforce said that nowhere out of the Freshwater District is there such a perfect combination of green landscape, white cliffs and blue sea.

Before we reach the Undercliffe, our attention is called to the historic places we could see if the woods and hills were out of the way. Carisbrooke Castle is not seven

miles distant. It is known as one of the prisons of Charles the First, and as the burial place of his daughter, Eliza-A thousand years before this it was a Saxon Five miles to the east of it is Arreton Down. stronghold. In the graveyard attached to its plain old church the "Dairyman's Daughter" is buried. Her biographer, who was the Episcopal clergyman of the parish, concealed the fact that she was a Methodist. Whether jealousy led to this, or fear that it would limit the circulation of the book. The book became popular, and the Religiwe cannot tell. ous Tract Society translated it into French, Italian and several Oriental languages. Layard relates that he found a Bedoin chief trying to read the book, but the title puzzled And with good reason. "Dairyman's Daughter" was translated, "The Daughter of the Father of Milk." In a lonely farmhouse over there Dr. Etheridge was born. He did all the work of a Methodist preacher, and yet acquired a knowledge of Hebrew literature that excited the wonder of learned Rabbis. Farther east is the cottage in which the frail woman known as "Maxwell Grey" used to burn her lamp till davbreak. And if we happen to be on the road to Ventnor on a fine afternoon we may meet Mrs. Craithie, "John Oliver Hobbes," in her luxurious carriage. The saints in her books were not brought up on downy cushions, but it is hardly reasonable to expect a doctor to take her own medicine. One of the strong novelists of the day is W. Kingscote Greenland, "W. Scott King," and he is "second" preacher in the Ventnor circuit. Methodism is very strong here. The island has no large town in it, and is so small that it could be stowed away in our county at home, yet it contains thirty Methodist churches.

"The Undercliffe begins there," said our preceptor, pointing to a strangely beautiful mass of rocks covered with vines and bright flowers, "and extends six or seven miles along the coast. A long time ago, before the fairies came here, great cliffs were shaken down by an earthquake, and the ruins were in places half a mile wide. In course of time the sun and rain chiselled these soft rocks into

quaint and beautiful shapes, and covered them with green moss and silvery lichen and trailing vines. Look up that little ravine," and she pointed to a sheltered nook where hyacinths covered a sloping ledge and made a solid sheet of pink and white bloom. A dainty rivulet was making soft music on its way to the sea. While the sunlight, sifting through the foliage, put half the ravine in purple shadow, and changed the other side, with its clumps of tulip and primrose, into a vision of dissolving gold.

Before we know it we are passing Ventnor, which has an odd and romantic appearance. Its houses are built on terraces, rising behind each other like pews in a modern church: and back of it all is a range of white cliffs, over which the mosses grow and there droops long streamers We go slowly, as near the shore as we dare, and next we are looking at a group of magnificent elms, and beyond that our guide assures us is the sweetest little church on the island. We have seen nothing quite like it since we left home. It is on the rocky slope of a cliff which overhangs the sea, and is literally embowered in the most beautiful trees. They grow up to it, droop over it, and throw their leafy arms around it. "And you ought to hear the nightingales sing there through the April nights," said the little maiden, with the air of one whose habit it was to spend her spring nights in these woods. cannot stop even for Bonchurch, nor for any other church or scene of beauty: and in a few minutes after sunset we come to anchor in the waters of Spithead, with the marine town of Portsmouth two miles north of us.

Before she dismissed her class of the afternoon, our teacher seemed anxious to correct the impressions which these coast views had made on our minds. "You know that this island is called the 'Garden of England.' And it is alive with flowers before they dare show their heads anywhere else in the kingdom. But when we leave the coast there are stretches of waste land, miles of dreary and perilous rocks, and so dim and uncertain are its byroads that this winter a Methodist preacher, going home

from a night appointment walked over a precipice, and could easily have broken his neck.

"You have all been good children this afternoon," she added, "only you havn't, any of you, answered a single question. I will now ask one which the densest among you ought to answer at once. Why is the Isle of Wight a fraud?" We had not thought of it in that light, and none of us could tell. It was a great pity we were all so dull she said, and she would answer the question herself. "The island is a fraud because it has cows (Cowes) which gives no milk; new port (Newport) which is at least eight centuries old: fresh water (Freshwater) which you can't drink, and needles (Needles) you can't thread!"

It is not necessary for guide books to say that Portsmouth is the most important naval station in the kingdom. A bird's-eye view of the coast and harbor makes this very plain to us. The town itself is surrounded by a tree-shaded wall, and looks like a great military prison. Extending west of it, and widening until it is a nearly circular lake, is the harbor; and encircling this are half a dozen smaller towns, with forts and marine establishments of every kind between them. If everything was taken away that had a relation to the sea, there would be very little left.

In the good old times this coast, from Dover to Land's End, was the paradise of smugglers. Our pilot, a grizzled veteran of seventy summers, grew up in the district of Portland, and gave us many a legend and tale of adventure with which this coast abounds. Portland has a sheltered basin on one side of it, in which revenue officers used to have desperate fights with smugglers from France. The floor of this basin is covered to a depth of four to six feet with round pebbles. Near the shore these pebbles are as large as hen's eggs, and diminish in size until near the edge of deep water they are small as peas. This was a great advantage to smugglers on a black night. They had only to fish up a pebble to find out the distance to shore.

This old man had not lived in Dorset since his boy-

hood. but there was a strong undercurrent of local patriotism in his nature. One of the girls described to him the Undercliffe formation in the Isle of Wight. He admitted that it was worth looking at when there was nothing else in sight. But they should have been with him in Lyme Regis, on the Dorset coast, in 1839. There was a landslip one mile in length and three hundred feet wide. Orchards, pastures, bits of forest, and many cottages sank to a depth of one hundred and fifty feet. That was a falling of cliffs worth seeing!

XIII.

PORTSMOUTH.

LEAGUE MEETING—PAPERS ON "ST. PATRICK," "CROM-WELL," "POPULAR METHODS IN IRISH METHODISM" AND "CASCADES, SPRINGS AND CAVES"—WHY WE CAME TO PORTSMOUTH—PORTCHESTER CASTLE.

It is our custom to hold a League Meeting the night before we leave a place, and the papers are suggested by what we have seen and heard there. Our last night in Ireland was at the service of our friends from the warship, and the postponed meeting was held on this first night in Portsmouth.

The leading paper was on "St. Patrick, the Patron Saint of Ireland." He was born in the Clyde district, Scotland, about the year 370. His father was a magistrate. and his grandfather a priest of the Ancient British Church. When sixteen he was carried off by pirates and sold to the king of Antrim. He became the herdsman of this king, and in his solitude gave himself to religious thought and prayer. So complete was his consecration that he would rise before day, and often "in ice and snow or rain would pray to his God." After six years he escaped and returned home. But he was restless, and disturbed by thoughts of the great work for which God was preparing One night he had a vision. A man from Ireland handed him a letter in which was written, "We entreat thee to come and walk among us." And a voice seemed to come from heaven, "He who gave His life for thee, He it is who speaks to thee." How like this is to a message which came three centuries before to Paul, when he slept beside the ruins of old Troy!

We are not certain about the next twenty years—whether he stayed at home, or went to Ireland and began an unsuccessful mission there. In his fifty-ninth year he entered upon his life-work in Ireland, and was marvelously successful. The entire country became christian. Not only peasants but Druid priests and bards, who sang the gospel at local and national feasts, and even kings accepted Christ as their Saviour. When preaching before the king of Tara, the missionary used the shamrock to illustrate the doctrine of the Trinity. And now this plant is the emblem of the saint and the country. When he died, in his ninetieth year, there were three hundred and sixty churches planted by himself, and more than four hundred missionaries to continue his work.

After this sketch our essayist gave us a few facts concerning the missionary.

- 1. The "Lives" of him by Roman Catholics are pure fiction. Only his "Confession" and a letter to a Welsh chieftain are known to be genuine. All else is conjecture and wild legend.
- 2. He was not a Roman Catholic. The dogmas which are peculiar to that system—the celibacy of the clergy, transubstantiation, sacramental confession, the use of incense, prayers for the dead, the supremacy of the pope—all these he distinctly repudiated. He taught the right of private judgment, and the bible alone was the rule of his life.
- 3. He belonged to the Ancient British Church. It would not be historically correct, as the term was not used before 1529, to call this a Protestant Church. But it was that in its doctrines and government. The spirit of Protestantism was more prevalent in Ireland during the fourth century than it has been since. Patrick is no more a Roman Catholic saint than Peter Bohler, the Moravian, or Francis Asbury, the Methodist.
- 4. The Romish church had a missionary in Ireland called Palladias or Patrick, who was sent there by Pope Celeste in the twelfth century. He was a dismal failure,

while Patrick of the Ancient British Church was a triumphant success. This is why Rome decided to appropriate the Patrick who succeeded. It was an easy work for writers whose mission it is to make history conform to the will of the church. Only two short steps were necessary. They purposely confused the records of the two men. Then they dropt the one who failed, and the Patrick who succeeded became St. Patrick of that mixed company in the Romish Calendar.

The next paper was on "Cromwell in Ireland." The writer first paid a tribute to the man and his work. He was the first man in the history of this world who, with a sword in one hand and a bible in the other, went forth to battle against the divine rights of kings, and won! So masterful was his influence that, in a few years, he made an army as devout and invincible as the one led by Joshua; and out of the ruins of a monarchy he made a nation strong enough to defy the world. We are reaping the fruits of those victories today, and we realize how precious and far-reaching they are. We are beginning to do feebly and doubtfully the work carved out for us with such boldness and exultant faith two centuries ago.

When Cromwell turned his attention to Ireland he was sorely needed there. He was not a man to promise or threaten. "We speak things," he once said. And his clear, emphatic speech brought quiet and prosperity, such as the country has not enjoyed since. Yet he was not cruel, only as the surgeon is when he cuts deeply that he may heal. The deed upon which his enemies fasten is what they are pleased to call the "massacre of Drogheda." When the place was captured he put the garrison to the sword. Observe:

- 1. That this was in keeping with the rules of war, and was not condemned, at that time, by either Royalists or Romanists.
- 2. Only soldiers, who were in arms against him, were put to death. All civilians, with the women and children, were sacredly protected during Cromwell's stay in Ireland.

- 3. A few years before this, the Romanists had put to death ten times as many persons as were in the garrison at Drogheda. And this not in the heat of battle, but in cold blood, and their victims were not only men, but help-less women and children.
- 4. This paper is not a defence but an explanation. There is a vital difference between defending a thing and making an honest attempt to understand it. The great Protector needs no defence at our hands, nor can he be defamed by men who, in manly and humane traits, are not worthy to unfasten his shoes.

The next paper was on "Popular Methods of Work in Irish Methodism." Two of these were explained and emphasized. 1. The preachers set apart a certain amount of time for work outside the limits of their circuits. may be termed the appointment-at-large. They go from house to house in apostolic fashion, holding informal meetings and bringing Methodism into personal touch with people. 2. Nearly all the Synods or Districts of the Conference employ Colporteurs. One of these men reports having walked about three thousand miles during the year, visited fifteen hundred homes, and prayed in These distinctive methods of seven hundred of them. home mission work are most effective in meeting the prejudice and ignorance of Romanists, and help us to understand the phenomenal success of Methodism in that country.

The last paper was a lengthy and elaborate one on "Cascades, Springs and Caves." These phenomena were carefully explained, and the distinctive features of the wonders we had seen, or were likely to see, were minutely described. But the emphasis was put on a Spring and Cave, not ten miles apart, which it may be our good fortune sometime to visit.

The Spring has picturesque surroundings. It comes up in a grove of ancient oaks, their rough trunks covered with russet-colored lichen, and their branches festooned with Spanish moss. The basin is sixty feet wide, and on

its east side, at least ten feet below the surface, the blue stream boils up from the white rocks at the rate of a thousand gallons a minute. This Spring is in deep shadow until an hour before sunset, when the rays of light fall directly upon it, and illumine its depths with an indescribable beauty.

The stream which flows from the basin gradually widens until it is one hundred feet across, and in its bed are dark rocks from whose sides great masses of maidenhair ferns are drooping.

The Cave is on the bank of a picturesque river, and the approaches to it are of the wildest description. So dense and tangled is the growth of vines that we may brush the entrance without knowing it, and the rocks about it are alive with rattlesnakes. Once within, snakes are forgotten. There are halls opening into halls, hung with crystals, which vary in size from exquisite gems like hoar-frost to the gorgeous stalactite of ten feet. We throw a light on the ceiling, and it sparkles as if set with stars: while the weird and fantastic shapes about us suggest statues and carved furniture of every kind. There are winding passages between these halls, and walks over chasms of unknown depth!

"Will we be able to see these wonders before we return home?" asked a vice-president: "We must if we have to go five hundred miles out of our way," was the conviction of a group of boys. "You might have some trouble going there before you return home," said the essayist. "The Spring is six miles east of Marianna, and the Cave is four miles up the Chipola!"

Before this meeting closed, the President explained why we had come to Portsmouth. It is the best port on this coast for getting the supplies we will need during our cruise in the Mediterranean. Then we had better secure a place, so we can see the Naval Review in these waters on June 28th. And we will need a good place on some balcony or platform in London, so as to see everything at the Coronation. The President had appointed committees to

attend to these things, and had also arranged for trips to various places while the committees were doing their work. A message had just come from the first officer who had been sent to town. The *Empress of India*, a trim, comfortable steamer, with accommodations for seventy-five passengers, had been secured for a trip to Portschester Castle the next morning, and for any further service during our stay.

The Castle is at the farther end of Portchester Lake, which is a continuation of the harbor. As we steam up the channel we see the grey walls of the town, and on the left is a succession of dock-yards. Anchored in front of them is the Victory, Nelson's flag-ship, now spending its old age in peace. Its cabin is the Naval Court Room of this District; all courts-martial are held there. We enter the Lake which, at low tide, is a narrow channel between mud-flats, and in half an hour we are in the old Castle.

It has nothing romantic in its history—it is not even haunted by ghosts—but it is very old. The Romans called it Portus Magnus, and it is now one of the best preserved forts in the kingdom. The walls which surround it are ten feet thick, and in this circle are eighteen towers which enabled defenders to command the wall and considerable space around it. But the Norman entrance is the most impressive illustration of feudal methods of warfare that we are likely to see.

We come first to a gate, heavy and strong enough to resist battering-rams. A few feet beyond this is another gate, and the same distance beyond that is a third Above each gate is a portcullis—an iron frame in deep stone grooves, to let down in front of it. So there were really six massive gates to be forced before an enemy could enter the Castle. The roof over these successive gates is perforated, and a continuous stream of molten lead and boiling water was poured on assailants. This Castle once endured a siege of twelve years. Yet a single shot from a modern gun could reduce the entire entrance to ruins!

XIV

PORTSMOUTH.

BRITISH ADMIRALTY WANTS OUR SHIP—TICKETS FOR CORONATION—A DAY'S CRUISE—INTERVIEWED BY "DAILY NEWS"—OUR VIEWS ON EDUCATION IN THE SOUTH—NEGROES EDUCATED BY SOUTHERN PEOPLE—THE PENSION LIST AND ITS TEACHING—TORYISM IN ENGLAND.

We had not sent a trumpeter before us to Portsmouth, nor was it at all necessary. The *City of Marianna* usually speaks for itself, and when we returned from Portchester Castle we found it had been speaking in a way that was a great surprise to us.

Two officers from the Naval Garrison came that morning and asked permiss!on to inspect the ship. They wired a report to the Admiralty Office, and that afternoon brought a sealed document from the Office to the President. The paper contained a great many words, but the message could have been put in a line: Would we loan our ship to the Admiralty during Coronation week? Its size and beauty, and the spacious arrangements for comfort made this home of ours very attractive to them. The President thanked them for the honor, and regretted that we were not able to oblige them.

Before we arrived at Portsmouth, a package came for the President from the London Office of the Earl Marshall. We had applied for tickets to the Coronation services, and our application had been endorsed by Ambassador Choate. The package contained tickets for the President and Council and Chaplain of the League—seven in all. We learned afterwards that we came near failing to get any. The Marshall, the Duke of Norfolk, is a strong Roman Catholic, and was displeased with a position taken in "An Epworth League's Trip to Europe," that a thorough Romanist is a defective patriot. And when he came to the President's application he directed his Secretary to refuse it. Fortunately for us, the Earl of ———, the same who once entertained the League at his country seat in Wiltshire, was in the Marshall's private office at this time, and asked that the case be deferred until next day. Having secured this, the Earl sent a message concerning it to Sir Thomas Lipton, who was entertaining the king on his yacht near Brighton. This is all we know, but a few days afterwards the tickets were forwarded to Portsmouth.

The League was inclined to complain, but the President explained that we had been treated with exceptional courtesy and honor. The Abbey is not large, and so many people—members of royal families and representatives from the Colonies, besides those in Church and State at home—had a right to seats there, that very little room would be left for untitled visitors.

The second day was given to a cruise along the coast of the Island as far as our old camping-ground in the Freshwater district. The *Empress of India* was half way to Ryde when our own captain called us back—a correspondent of the *Daily News* had come to see us. The pastor had been in every nook and climbed every wild crag along this shore, and he offered to stay at home and try to answer the questions of our visitor from London. The first question naturally related to ourselves and cur plans for the future, then the reporter turned to the problems which engage our people at home.

"What is the present status of the Educational question in the Southern States?" he asked.

"The outlook is very hopeful," replied the pastor. "At the close of the Civil War, and during the Reign of Terror which followed, when politicians from the North and ignorant negroes held possession of the South, our

people had all they could do to live. They formed the habit of thinking that they could not do great things for eaucation. When they needed colleges, they looked northward for money with which to build them. They are now awakening to the fact that they are well able to help themselves. This educational Renaissance is seen in the higher standard which we maintain in our colleges, as well as in the gifts we put into them. The Methodist Episcopal Church South has now finished its Twentieth Century Thank Offering for educational purposes. If the amount asked for had been five millions instead of one and a half, it would have excited the enthusiasm of our rich men. Most of it came from our poorer people. But the greatest blessing which this Movement brought to Methodism was the training it gave us in educational needs and duties. One of the forty-seven Conferences—the Alabama—is now raising, in a quiet way, one hundred thousand dollars for its two colleges. In two years this work will be done. But it is made possible by the enlightening and broadening influences of the campaign we have just closed.

What I have said relates mainly to our Church schools. The South gives a great deal of attention to the secular education of its people. In twenty years its school property has increased in value from twenty millions of dollars to more than sixty millions. In the same period the average value of a schoolhouse has nearly doubled.

It may surprise your English readers to learn that the Southern States have a larger per cent of their population in school than Massachusetts or New York. Twenty-three out of every hundred white inhabitants are enrolled; while in Saxony, which has the highest enrollment in Europe, the per centum is only twenty. The school term is too short, only four to eight months. Many reasons can be assigned for this; not the least being that we have to bear the burden of negro education as well as our own."

"We thought that negroes were educated by their

friends in the North," interjected the surprised correspondent.

"I know that your view is held by many intelligent Englishmen," said the pastor, "and our northern brethren, when they come to see you, do not always correct the They have established schools for colored impression. people, but the influence of these is comparatively small. We pay about ninety-eight per cent of the taxes which support colored schools, and have built Normal schools for the training of their teachers. There are no other people on the face of the earth who spend so large a proportion of their taxes for the education of another race. You would not hear the fact in Boston, but it is sustained by educational returns, that we are training a larger percent of these children of another race than the people of Massachusetts, Connecticut or New York are training of their own sons and daughters!"

"Your statements very much surprise me, but do not the Methodists of the North teach and practise religious and social equality?" inquired the correspondent.

"They teach it in Massachusetts and other States where the negro problem does not exist, but they neither teach nor practice it in the South. Their color line is as broad and distinct as ours. They have white and colored Conferences in the same territory White bishops preside over the colored gatherings, but find it expedient to accept the hospitality offered them by our people or they go to a A few years ago the New York Independent denounced them for holding the theory in the North and failing to practice it in the South, and the force of the charge lay in the fact that it was true. It is not creditable that their leaders should make the impression abroad that they alone meet the negro on scriptural grounds. They have been obliged to adopt the methods long used by the christian people of the South, and they should have the courage to admit it."

"Are North and South nearer to each other than they were ten years ago?" was the next question.

"They are. And in twenty years more the events of forty years ago will be ancient history. Nearly all the old leaders have passed away. Younger men are not fettered by the past, and can more easily adjust themselves to the needs of the present.

Besides this, the place and influence of the negro are better understood. He has been the occasion, if not the cause, of nearly all bitterness between North and South the past seventy years. He has been the storm-center of the Republic. Now, the thoughtful people of the country The first is, that the lynching have learned two things. of negroes is not sectional. The North lynches a larger per cent of its negro population than the South does. And secondly, the negro has more freedom and greater facilities for making a living in the South. He will not anywhere employ a lawyer or doctor of his wn color: and if not a teacher or preacher in the North, a colored man is doomed to the hotel or stable. With us, the two professions I have named are open to him, and also any business or trade that he may choose.

These facts are being recognized, and thoughtful men are willing that he should work out his salvation in a country whose climate suits him, and whose people have done, and are still doing, more for him than any other people have done for an alien race since the world was made.

Another factor in helping the South to its rightful place in the Republic," continued the pastor, "is the Pension List of the Civil War. Our political writers have not attached to this document the significance it deserves. Ten years after the war closed, when General Garfield said that the high-water mark had been reached, the List had in it 250,000 names, and the cost was \$30,000,000 a year. But the List continued to grow until it now contains nearly or quite one million names, and its annual cost is \$140,000,000.

This is a very impressive illustration of two things. First, the patriotism and magnificent genius of the Southern armies. Never in the history of warfare, ancient or

modern, has such extensive injury been inflicted on an enemy. And the severe character of these wounds will be noticed. Forty years after they were inflicted the victims are still maimed and crippled. In the storm and hate of battle we may not appreciate the qualities of an enemy, but now the brave Federal pays enthusiastic tribute to the valor and skill of the Southern soldier.

Another thing the List illustrates is, the unexampled skill and humanity of Southern wardens, doctors and nurses. Thousands and thousands of these pensioners were in Southern prisons, or fell into the hands of our doctors and women. Yet forty years afterwards nearly a million of these wounded men are still alive! They could not have done better if every man of them had been cared for in a fully-equipped hospital, and had lived till now in famous health resorts!

There are comparatively few Confederate Veterans alive today. The hardships of prison life and northern winters were too much for them.

For years after the war closed, there were dark stories of the death-rate and the cruelties inflicted in Southern prisons. These stories were manufactured for political uses, but they all vanish in presence of this gigantic Pension List. It tells its story of humane skill and solicitude in a way that makes for national unity and peace."

Before climbing down to his launch, the correspondent asked for our views of the present English government, and the educational work it was trying to do. The pastor regretted that we were obliged to regard this government as the weakest and most incompetent England has had since the Revolutionary War. We accept Bismark's definition of Lord Salisbury as "a lath painted to look like iron." The educational policy of the government is a mystery to us. It seems to be a case of what geologists term "arrested development." England has done much for its middle and lower classes the past thirty years, in providing an education for them outside the State church. But the Bill now before the House of Commons would re-

vive the old church policy, and put the children in the hands of ecclesiastics. Mr. Balfour seems to be in charge of his high anglican and papal friends, and is deaf to appeals from others. If the Free Churches do what their leaders think of advising, that they refuse to pay the proposed Church Rate of the Bill, the Conservative leader may turn out to be a powerful friend in disguise. The Free Churches represent the most virile and enlightened among the English people, and if Mr. Balfour and his medieval advisers will only persist in their present course, we know what the final outcome will be. The cause of Freedom will be greatly strengthened, and the progress usually made in twenty years will be made in one.

Another blessing will come of this union of prime minister and Romanists, in their educational scheme; it will shut out these ecclesiastics when the Liberals return to power. Their greed and insolence will drive the Liberals into active antagonism. The Romanists have all the guile and duplicity of the fox; they could give many lessons to that creature in the art of gaining its ends. But they have now made it necessary for Liberals to oppose, openly and persistently, the politics of the Vatican.

XV.

PORTSMOUTH TO BORDEAUX.

PREPARING TO LEAVE—PIG AND PEASANT—BOOK BY MISS YONGE—SUNRISE ON ENGLISH COAST—PREPARATION FOR SHIPWRECK IN THE BAY—THE CHANNEL ISLANDS—SAFE IN BORDEAUX.

After a quiet dinner, the quietest of the trip, the pastor strolled through the deserted rooms of the League. The Conservatory is always attractive, and now a long row of double hyacinths are at their best, the white violets are blooming, and the buds on half a dozen tea roses, which we keep in jardinaires, are beginning to show themselves. But outside the Conservatory there is nothing, and the covered walk of six hundred feet is as dreary as a pike across a Yorkshire moor. It will not do to have an attack of homesickness at home, and the captain and pastor go across the Solent to Gosport and see the Chaplain of the Naval Garrison. He tells us something more of the new Movement in behalf of Soldier's and Sailor's Homes, for which a quarter of a million will be required; seventyfive thousand of which is now in hand. A missionary may well be enthusiastic when his distinctive work has such a warm place in the heart of the church.

The great ship was a hive of industry when we returned, an hour before sunset. A report from London had come by wire that afternoon, the Committee would return on the night train, and there was nothing to hinder our departure in the morning. The interesting point of observation was the forward deck, where the Steward's supplies were coming on board. Hampers containing all kinds of dressed game and fowls, and huge quarters of

beef, were put in cold storage. Five hundred chickens and turkeys from a poultry farm near Chichester came in woven-vire coops. One half-grown Plymouth Rock was the very image of "Buckle-my-shoe," who was once king over a poultry yard in Marianna. The Steward chuckled when there came up two hampers of pork pies, fully equal to those we found in Cork, and which would serve the boys for three breakfasts—more than that if the Bay of Biscay does its duty.

Half-way to dark the League returned, and reported an exceptionally delightful day. The anniversary of a Friendly Society was held near Freshwater, and there were three hundred peasants in the procession.

Among them was the old man we met a year and a half ago, and who had his own views of Tennyson and poetry. He said the "old missus," as he called her, had an attack of "rheumatticks" or something in her back, and was at home that day. His face lighted up when the boys inquired about the pig. It was a beauty. But they should have seen the one he killed last Michaelmas! It was only thirteen months old and weighed seventeen stone.

We can hardly understand the place which this creature has in the affairs and affections of the South of England peasant. The pastor knew one of these peasants who said that he first saw his "missus" at a great meeting in church. But he said nothing to her until he had two pigs in the sty. "And then, sir, I knew that I was a match for any woman!" A woman dying of a long illness told the minister she had one great regret, she had never seen the present pig. Her husband said if he had known in time how much she wished it, he would have carried the pig upstairs, but now it was too large and heavy.

A charming book on the life—plant, bird and human—of this Southern Coast is Miss Charlotte Yonge's "An Old Woman's Outlook from a Hampshire Village," written in her seventieth year. It has twelve chapters, and refers to what has been most distinctive of each month—the customs and superstitions of the peasantry, the migration

and songs of birds, the flowers she cultivated, and all that grew within five miles of her home, and the human traits she saw in the poultry yard—all this is told in the fireside style that make very pleasant reading. Her crown of seventy years sits on her head as lightly and gracefully as if she were but seventeen.

She describes the strange remedies used by old women of both sexes, sixty years ago. If one had an attack of ague an unfailing remedy was, to line a bandage with gunpowder, tie it around the wrist and set it on fire. A specific for fits was to wear a ring made of sixpenny pieces given by six women who had married without changing their names. Sometimes a bird would dash against a window after a fly that was creeping on the inside. This meant a death in the near future. A doctor was summoned in great haste to a farm away outside his parish. He found an old man in bed, but in perfect health, and could only ask why they sent for him. The daughter-in-law replied that a robin had been to the window, and they were sure it was for grandpa. So they put him to bed and sent for the doctor.

Even the poultry had touches of that obstinacy which prevailed in the middle of last century. A hen hatched ducks as her first brood. And when the next—a brood of poor little chicks—would not take to the water, she drove them in and drowned them. And so on, through three hundred pages.

The book is not read as it deserves to be, and the cause may be found in the space which it gives to scientific descriptions of flowers and plants. Miss Yonge is an accomplished and enthusiastic botanist, and speaks of sepals, folded spathes, and even of the red anthers of the yellow asphadel, as a Leaguer would discuss a big dish of strawberries and cream. But the book is a delightful one, and back of the vivid pictures it contains, there is suggested the picture of a cultured and hallowed English home. In this age of fever and show, it will help us to think of a life that became rich and full amid the quiet

beauty of home and the ordinary influences of nature.

The ship was ready to leave at daybreak, but we were detained until past seven o'clock. Two days before, in Portsmouth, a group of boys had been attracted by an Alpine cap, a new and picturesque type of headgear, for use in Switzerland. There were only two in the shop, but a case would come the next noon. So they ordered five more, and were to have an opportunity to come for them There was no time the next day, and the before we left. only chance was to get them early this morning. captain was impatient to leave, and thought it very foolish to hold a ship simply to gratify boyish whims. The President ruled that it was not a question of hats or whims An unconditional promise had been made, and should be kept if the ship had to wait all day.

Leaguers who are up before the sun this morning have their reward. A wall of clouds, of a depth and density we have never seen before, extends across the east. Its color is dark-gray, with a bluish-gray margin as smooth as a snowdrift, and slightly curved toward its southern edge. which is tossed by the wind into palpitating mists and masses of silver plumes. What will the sun do with this army of clouds which gathers about the gates of the morning? We shall soon see, for columns of pale light are going into the sky, and gradually the upper edge of the cloud becomes a rich orange. At the same time we notice a horizontal bar of light, widening and deepening every moment, which shows that the sun is already up and is trying to burn his way through. Suddenly the cloud opens and a flood of splendor streams out upon land and sea, transfiguring the woods and rocks of the shore, and impressing on the waters of the Channel a broad fringe of wizard gold. This incomparable picture was brought out and dissolved within half an hour, and not one person in ten thousand saw it or even knew it was there.

At last the box of Alpine caps is safely on board, and in a few minutes we hear the tinkling of bells and the measured throb of the engines, and we are off for the Bay of Biscay.

Why we should be homesick when we leave a place that is not home, we have not been able to explain to ourselves. We had a slight attack when we left Cork, and a more serious attack as the coast-line of Hampshire and the leafy coves of the Isle of Wight fade from view. Our depressed spirits this morning may be due quite as much to what we supposed lay before us, as to what we are leaving behind.

"Into the jaws of death Rode the six hundred."

And if a stranger had looked into the fifty young faces on this lovely forenoon in the English Channel, he would have thought they were riding into the jaws of something quite as grim and gloomy as death. A number of Leaguers were gathered about the great table in the Library, studying a Century Atlas. "You see the Bay is simply a trap in which the Atlantic currents are caught, and like most imprisoned things, they make all the noise and trouble they can," explained one of the boys.

A curious phenomena is referred to by another. During storms an immense quantity of water is forced into the Bay. A lull in the storm allows this water to rush out again; and ships, drifting helplessly towards the rocks, are caught on this return tide and saved from wreck.

"But that would be no help to us," said an anxious, matter-of-fact Leaguer. "What we want is to get into port as quickly as we can."

"Why don't those olive oil merchants let cottonseed oil alone?" impatiently asked another. But this is one of the problems of commercial life which children are supposed not to understand.

About noon Alderney, the nearest of the Channel Islands, came in sight. We pass between this and the Casquets, a group of rocks which has wrecked many a ship. Now a lighthouse with a triple tower is built on the largest rock. Several years ago the keeper had one of the

finest gardens the pastor ever saw. It was made of soil which he had carried to a depression between two peaks.

Nearly an hour beyond these rocks is Guernsey, which has a wild and rugged coast, but an interior which suggests the luxuriant and varied beauty of the tropics. There is a special charm in the "water lanes" of this Island. Instead of cool, green turf between the two rows of trees which form an arch over the lane, is a musical rivulet flowing over pebbles and white sand. Near one of these lanes is a mansion in which the De Jersey's lived in the eighteenth century. Adam Clarke spent a year in this home; and in the shade of a cluster of fig trees, in a chair still kept in its old place, he mastered three Oriental languages.

Wesley gave the palm for beauty to Jersey, the largest of the group. We see its headlands to the south-east as we turn to the ocean again. On these Islands were won some of the first and grandest triumphs of Methodism. Wesley frequently went there, and the most famous of his helpers—Brackenbury, Coke and Clarke—were stationed in Guernsey. The Wesleyan Conference has seventeen preachers in the "Channel Islands District."

During the forenoon, and into the night, and all the next forenoon the sea and sky were watched as we had never watched them before. Faces became white when a wave with a crest on it came in sight, and when a cloud the size of a man's hand appeared in the sky.

In the twilight the President happened to go to the Conservatory, and there was a little maiden with her face touching the Wardian case and talking to the stuffed canary. She was so sorry for it. No one knew as she did how delicate were its feelings, and how it would shrink from the horrid creatures it would soon meet. She couldn't think of her dainty little pet in that dreadful place. Why, of course not, and her face brightened with a sudden thought. The mermaids would never let the dear little thing meet such a fate. They would take it to a home more beautiful than any it had ever known, and it would

sing all day long, surrounded by admiring and enrapt audiences! These thoughts seemed to afford genuine comfort to the tender-hearted little maiden, and the President quietly withdrew and left her alone with her dreams.

Quite as characteristic was the entry in a boy's Journal.

ATLANTIC OCEAN, February, 1902.

"They say we are coming to the Bay of Biscay, and we must be ready to give up then. I wonder how it will feel to be gnawed by a shark. I believe I would rather be picked up by a shark than fall into the arms of a devil-fish. I will fasten my room door, then nothing will get me. I don't believe any of those fish can pick this lock. I wish I knew if we are in much danger, and how far it is to the Bay."

The captain reported that near midnight, when rounding the Ushant Point and getting into new currents, the ship rolled a little, and at once a string of boys rushed up the hatchway, each with a life-preserver on!

Morning brought no change. Patches of fleecy cloud are drifting in the upper currents, and there is just enough breeze to wrinkle the surface of the sea. Near noon we see a bleak coast-line stretching across the east, and an hour later we enter the mouth of the Garonne. In the distance are the steeples and smoke of Bordeaux, and the Bay of Biscay is behind us.

XVI.

BORDEAUX TO PAU.

WINE-DRINKING AND RUIN—PAPER ON "THE RELIGIOUS VIEWS OF FRANKLIN"—PLANS WRECKED BY BAY—THE ALBIGENSES—LOURDES—PAU—VIEW OF PYRENES—HENRY OF NAVARRE—ORTHEZ.

The guide books do not make us eager to visit Bordeaux. They refer to it as the second commercial city in France; its people number a quarter of a million, and its art galleries and fashionable streets and churches are not to be despised; but they put the emphasis on its wine industry. This makes an unpleasant impression on us. It may be a defect in our training, for which we should receive pity rather than censure, but the words "wine industry," make pictures of bloated faces, disreputable dining-rooms, and homes of sorrow and ruin. Two kinds of fruit grow on this industrial tree—wealth, art and beauty in Bordeaux; poverty, misery and death in other parts of the world—and we have not learned to consider them apart.

Franklin came here during our Revolutionary war, and this was a pleasant memory as we strolled through the parks and picture galleries this afternoon. After supper the President requested the League to meet in the Library, and hear a paper on "The Religious Views of Benjamin Franklin."

"This great man," said the President, "was the sanest and broadest statesman our country has produced. In the clearness and extent of his vision, he has not had an equal. And sceptics of all types have claimed him. His tribute to the Supreme Being and his belief in prayer, they tell us, was a matter of policy—he did not wish to offend a superstitious people. This is not creditable to Franklin, nor is it true. We admit that he did not connect himself with any body of christian people, and in his later life seemed to keep aloof from them. But we can understand this, and also find a key to the reputation which he made among the christians of his day

- 1. He was fond of religious controversy For the sake of an argument he would defend scepticism, and do it with such force and skill that he often won a victory for it. He says of his early life, 'My indiscreet disputations about religion began to make me pointed at with horror by good people as an infidel and atheist.'
- 2. The preaching of the eighteenth century had in it very little Gospel for the present life. The tastes and convictions of Franklin led him to put emphasis on a secular gospel of sanitation and secial and municipal righteousness, which the church seemed to ignore. Hence he became estranged from it. In his thirtieth year he wrote of the church he frequently attended, that its aim seemed to be to make good churchmen rather than good citizens. One Sabbath the text was, 'Finally, brethren, whatsoever things are true, honest, just, etc.,' and the preacher urged the observance of ecclesiastical duties. Franklin was disgusted, and attended his preaching no more.
- 3. The preaching of that day was mainly an exposition of the peculiar tenets of Calvinism—eternal election and reprobation—which the philosopher says appeared to be 'unintelligible and unedifying.' Besides, this teaching was opposed to his views of justice.

He wrote a Confession of Faith which, while it is vitally affective as a statement of christian truth, put him out of the ranks of scepticism. Its six points are:

- 1. There is one God, who made all things.
- 2. He governs all things by His providence.

- 3. He ought to be worshipped by adoration, prayer and thanksgiving.
- 4. The most acceptable service to God is doing good to man.
 - 5. The soul is immortal.
- 6. God will certainly reward virtue and punish vice, here or hereafter.

Franklin's mature life was in harmony with this Confession. When his State was preparing for war, he moved in the Provincial Assembly that a day be set apart for fasting and prayer, and himself wrote the proclamation. If he had listened to a full Gospel in his youth, and there had been a christian atmosphere about him, he might have become as devout a believer as Robert E. Lee or Gladstone."

The President closed a strong and thoughtful paper with an appeal to Leaguers to think of the Gospel as adapted to the highest needs of the strongest men and women. Nearly all the leaders of the world's thought and work, have learned their wisest thinking and noblest doing at the feet of Christ.

While other members of the League were busy with their Journals—erasing the doleful writing of the past two days—the Council was preparing an itinerary for two weeks in Spain. The main question was, "Shall we go by sea to Gibraltar, or cross the Pyrenees and meet the ship We were helped to a decision by a storm, at Cadiz?" which even then was roaring in the Bay. While we talk in the cosy Library the wind shrieks in the rigging, and the rain, which later turned to hail, is pouring on the up-Without a formal vote we arrange to visit places which can be reached by land. Pau, a famous resort in the foothills; Lourdes, the place of pilgrimage and miracle, and Bairritz, a sheltered nook of the Bay-these places must be visited before we cross into Spain. arrangement of details was left with the President, who will devote a week to this ancient district of France.

But we are reckoning without the Bay. If it failed

to get us between its teeth, it can make prisoners of us. And the storm kept us indoors until the fifth day. These days were not wasted. At least one-third of our waking time was given to reading about places that were ahead of us; and after supper the President read aloud that charming introduction to rural Spain. "Spanish Highways and Byways," by Catherine Lee Bates.

Lourdes is seven hours to the south-east of Bordeaux. The first half of the road, down the coast, is flat and covered with stunted pines. "As dreary as the pine levels of Florida," said a disappointed Leaguer, who is slow to understand that the commonplace is sometimes found away from home. We turn eastward at Bayonne, and gradually the landscape changes. It is undulating then hilly, and in a turn of the road we see a wavy line of silver clouds across the southern horizon. This is our first view of the Pyrenees—that wonderful chain of mountains which stretches from the Atlantic to the Mediterranean.

This Southern district of France was the ancient Languedoc, the home of the Albigenses. Every American citizen should be familiar with their history, and should hide in his heart the lessons it teaches. Eight centuries ago they were the foremost people in Europe; in wealth, intelligence and christian civilization. But they would not accept the pope of Rome as their master. their only crime. And Macaulay writes, "A war, distinguished even among wars of religion by its merciless atrocity, destroyed the Albigensian heresy, and with that heresy the prosperity, the civilization, the literature, the national existence, of what was once the most opulent and enlightened part of the great European family."

We enter a picturesque valley, in the very heart of the Pyrenees, and in a few minutes we are standing before the most famous shrine in Europe. Lourdes was a poor hamlet forty years ago, when the Virgin appeared to a peasant girl who was feeding hogs. This vision was repeated eighteen times in four months; always in the same place—a grotto at the farther end of the valley—and the

same message was always delivered. A church for pilgrims was to be built there, and a medicinal spring, which had not been noticed before, was for the healing of the crippled and diseased from all lands. At length it dawned on the minds of the bishop and priests of the diocese that they could easily add to the revenues of the church there: and having obtained the pope's blessing on the pious fraud, they appealed to the faithful of Europe. The first six months not less than one hundred and fifty thousand pilgrims came to Lourdes. This is a humbling comment on the nineteenth century, and suggests what a thin veil of superstition covers the heathenism of papal countries. During the season the district is the scene of wildest excitement, and many diseases of the nerves and muscles A few pilgrims are there now, but, it is almost impossible to make cures out of season—the emotional environment is wanting. It is painful to see the evidences of fraud and superstition which are on every side, and we return to Pau, two hours distant, before night.

This winter resort has more than one charm for us. There is, first, its magnificent situation. It is built on the southern edge of a broad hill. The Gave river, like a silver thread, winds two hundred feet below us. On the other side of it are rich valleys at right angles to the river, with picturesque mansions half hidden on the wooded slopes; and in front, far enough away, yet near enough to be seen, is the range of mountains. It is said that no point of view is so imposing as this, yet it was a disappointment to us. There was a rain-storm in the west, and we could not see the range in the glow of sunset. And we may as well confess that we were an hour too late to see the sun rise on its snows and mists. And we were nearly a week too late to see it by moonlight.

We gave all the forenoon to a study of these granite peaks. For it is not the beauty of the lower hills on which the eye finally rests. These satisfy us at first; and there is a quiet charm in the green glens in which villages seem to be sleeping, and the dense forests of fir and pine which overshadow them. Spring is making itself felt in sheltered spots, and in one place a stream from a hill of snow is falling over the rocks, throwing out rockets of silver from its gleaming torrent, and when not in the shadow of pines, exquisite rainbows encircle it.

This gentle beauty of the foothills holds us for a time, then we yield to the fascination of the white summits! There is one peak, a little west of us, not more than twenty miles away, whose weird and changing splendor makes an impression on our minds that will never fade. The eye begins its ascent at a little brown chalet on the edge of a beech grove. The greenest pasture extends above it, then a long stretch of dark forest. Beyond this is bare rock, once chiseled and grooved by glaciers, with patches of rough grass and clumps of birch and fir dotting it here and there. To the west is a plateau, perhaps half a mile in width—a savage waste covered with glacial boulders. Above this a few stunted firs are growing, and frozen snow glitters in the crevices and droops in graceful festoons over the ledges of rock. Then we enter the region of eternal silence—a white realm of mystery and des-The highest dome wears a fantastic diadem of ice, on which the sun is making pictures of indescribable beauty.

The old monks gazed at a picture of the pierced Hands until it is said the nail-prints appeared in their own, and visions like this should help us to the calm and purity and strength of Him who made them,

A second attraction of Pau is, its castle and the memories attached to it. In the Museum we see some fine work in crystals sent by Bernadotte, King of Sweden. These tourists from the great Republic feel a thrill of pride when told that this king was the son of a soldier who lived in Pau, and this work was done by himself after he became king. In another room of the Castle Henry of Navarre was born, and they still show the pretty cradle in which the infant was rocked.

Nearly all of us had the impression that this king of the white plume was a great and exemplary character. Macaulay's eulogy of him helped to make this impression. To correct this, the President prepared a talk for the next weekly meeting. We give a brief outline of it.

Henry of Navarre was a great soldier, and in his early life he rendered very great service to Protestantism. But he finally betrayed this cause and became a Romanist, in order to secure the crown of France. He was neither a coward nor a hypocrite; he simply lacked a commanding will—one great quality of manhood. He yielded to the strongest influence, whether the touch came from friend or foe. His coming to court, his marriage, his religious views, his public policies—were arranged for him by others. At length he was persuaded that the Jesuits should be allowed to return to France, and in their train came Ravillac the assassin.

These men who are afraid to stand for the truth, who see with the eyes and listen with the ears of others, what harm they do in the world! And what good they leave undone! Boys who begin by neglecting religious duties when away from home, who can be moved by threats or flattery, will end by sacrificing themselves at this shrine of bondage.

The place has yet another attraction for some of us. It is the birthplace of Orthez, who became governor of the Landes. It was in this province that the Duke of Alva and Catherine de Medici planned the massacre of St. Bartholomew, and when ordered to execute it, Governor Orthez refused. We know very little else about him; it is enough to know this. There is the ring of a splendid manhood in his refusal to become the tool of assassins, and Pau owes him the most impressive monument it can build. He who dares to do right is greater than he who takes a city.

XVII.

PAU TO BURGOS.

WRECK IN THE LANDES—FRENCH PEASANTS—BAIRRITZ AND THE EMPRESS—SAN SEBASTIAN AND THE "SPANISH NUN"—QUOTATION FROM DE QUINCY—CUSTOM HOUSE OFFICERS—THE BASQUE COUNTRY—CROSSING THE PYRENEES.

A wreck on the road between Pau and Bayonne detained us on a dreary waste of sand and dwarf pines. It was not the fault of the wine shop at Bayonne that the League was not in ruins, instead of an engine and three freight cars. We formed a decided opinion the summer before last, and it was strengthened by what we saw in Bordeaux, that the light wines of France and the fine whiskey of the United States are doing the same work. Wine drinking is as brutalizing, and is as serious a menace to the homes and business interests of a country. Its methods are more artistic, and include a little more music and dancing—that is all.

While the track was being cleared we learned something of the Landes—this province of sandy, wind-swept plains. The formal-looking rows of trees we saw the day before, were planted to break the fierce storms from the Bay. Pine trees are peculiarly fitted to do this kind of work. They will live and flourish in poor and bleak situations where every other tree would die. Protected by them, the thritty peasants of this district are reclaiming the wastes, and changing them into gardens of loveliness.

These peasants, with the merchants of the small towns, represent the strength of the French nation. On

one hand is the sceptical, pleasure-loving patrician; on the other hand is the wily, unscrupulous Jesuit, and these small farmers and shopkeepers do the work of the nation and make its wealth. When the Germans imposed a fine of \$1,000,000,000 on France in 1870, for having been whipped, these people took down wallets and old socks from chimney corners, and loaned to the government most of this money to pay the fine.

It was late when we reached Bayonne, and there was a ride of five miles before we were safe in Bairritz. The night is chill and depressing, and there is nothing to suggest the balmy air, pervaded by moonlight and stars, which enter into our thoughts of a southern night. Not a star can be seen, and a veritable east wind, such as takes possession of the Atlantic coast in March, had started in the wrong direction and was blowing from the Bay.

We missed the sunrise the next morning, as we missed it on the Pyrenees only the day before. The languor of springtime seems to have put its hands on the League, and it was nine o'clock before we were all ready to explore this most attractive resort in France. An hour on its beach and hills explains this supremacy. Besides the sea—its views and bathing—Bairritz has the mountains. They overshadow it, and in ten minutes from the hotel we are climbing their steep sides, and there are wonderful walks and drives beyond them. Then it is shut in from storms and cold, so that it has a softness of climate not found elsewhere away from the Mediterranean.

The lion of the place, a few years ago, was the Ville Eugenie, a plain brick mansion facing the sea, which the late Emperor occupied in the autumn, and the Empress made the center of European beauty and influence. We are disappointed to find that it has been changed into a fashionable gambling resort. The average Frenchman has very little reverence in him, and any old building will be changed or destroyed to make room for one a little more artistic, or that will minister to his pleasure. The pastor went through this villa when it was owned by the

Empress, and not even its furniture had been disturbed. There was the salon, the reception and dining rooms, miniature copies of the grand apartments of the Tuileries. The private audience room of the Emperor was a strangely small and plain apartment on the ground floor. But the Empress' boudoir was the source of power in those days. Jesuit confessors whispered of duty to the church, and dazzled the ambitious woman with visions of continental supremacy, and thus lured the Empire to its ruin.

Away over the hills, twenty-five miles to the southwest, is San Sebastian. This capital of the ancient Basque country played an important part in the Peninsular war, and is famous now for its castle and Protestant schools. But the pastor remembers it as the place where the "Spanish Nun," whose life is so delightfully pictured by DeQuincy, spent her girlhood. This author is not read now, and writers of his type are stowed away in the curtained bookcase of the library. Electricity has put its blighting hand upon the sonorous and majestic English of sixty years ago. A telegram furnishes the model sentence. If it contains only five words, it is better English than the sentence which has the same thought in seven words. It need not have majesty or beauty; it must be crisp, scintillating, brief!

It was otherwise when DeQuincy was writing the "Spanish Nun," "Joan of Arc," "Vision of Sudden Death" and other essays whose stately sentences linger in the memory like the deep, rich notes of organ music. The pastor remembers with a painful distinctness the morning that the first volume of this author came into his hands. He opened the book at the "Spanish Nun," and was so pleased with the first page that he went to a lumber room upstairs, curled up in the window seat and read into the afternoon. When he came to himself he found that the fig pudding, his favorite dessert, had all disappeared. A few years later, when coming up the Spanish coast, he visited San Sebastian, and the center of attraction was that gloomy old convent.

Perhaps the finest passage in DeQuincy, certainly one of the finest in all literature, is the closing passage of "Joan of Arc," where the Bishop of Beauvais, the judge who condemned the Maid of Orleans to the stake, comes to his trial. If a word picture exists which excels it in majesty and pathos, the pastor would like to see it. We quote the closing sentences:

"What a tumult, what a gathering of feet is there! In glades, where only wild deer should run, armies and nations are assembling. There is the Bishop of Beauvais, clinging to the shelter of thickets. What building is that which hands so rapid are raising? Is it a martyr's scaffold? Will they burn the child of Domremy a second time? No: it is a tribunal that rises to the clouds, and two nations stand around it, waiting for a trial. my Lord of Beauvais sit again upon the judgment-seat, and again number the hours for the innocent? Ah! no; he is the prisoner at the bar. Already all is waiting; the mighty audience is gathered, the witnesses are arrayed, the trumpets are sounding, the judge is taking his place. Oh! but this is sudden. My Lord, have you no counsel? 'Counsel I have none: in heaven above, or on earth beneath, counsellor there is none now that would take a brief from me; all are silent.' Is it, indeed, come to this? Alas! the time is short, the tumult is wondrous, the crowd stretches away into infinity, but yet I will search in it for somebody to take your brief. Who is this that cometh from Domremy? Who is she in bloody coronation robes from Who is she that cometh with blackened flesh from walking the furnaces of Rouen? This is she, the shepherd girl, counsellor that had none for herself, whom I choose, bishop, for yours. She it is, I engage, that shall take my lord's brief. She it is, bishop, that would plead for you; yes, bishop, She-when heaven and earth are silent."

The League will not give any time to San Sebastian, nor do we expect to stop anywhere this side of Burgos, which is eight hours across the mountains. But we for-

get that, at least some of the fruits of civilization flourish in this medieval country; and in a little station on the Spanish side, we are detained four hours by Custom House Officers. This is a new country, in costumes and speech, and we find much to instruct and amuse us. A monastery must be near, as monks in sandals and long cloaks are sauntering about the station. Two policemen in gorgeous uniforms keep step on the platform; either of whom could give a United States President many lessons in dignity.

The older Leaguers were climbing a hillside to get a good view of the wild country towards the sea, when a call for the President brought us back to the station. The nest of alpine caps had been found in a boy's telescope, and an officer was estimating the amount of duty we must pay. In vain the boys protested that the caps were bought in England. The evidence was against them—Lyons, France, was plainly stamped on the lining, and the caps had never been worn. The duty imposed was eighteen pesetas, more than eighty per cent of their value! The President had a purse full of Spanish coins, and this modern Don Quixote received the money with all the grace with which his ancestors used to charge wind-mills.

These north-western provinces belong to the Basques. a people who have a history and speech and government The Spaniard of the South speaks of them of their own. in a patronizing or contemptuous way: yet in everything that enters into manhood and national strength, the Basque is immeasurably his superior. From prehistoric times they have had possession of these hills. The Romans tried in vain to dislodge them, so did the Moors, and all the Spaniards could do was to impose a yearly tax and allow them to govern themselves. And this was all the imperial government cared to do, for the sole purpose of Spanish rulers at home and abroad seems to be-to change their subjects into gold.

The train has abundant leisure, even after the four hours rest at Irun, and this allows us to see something of the simple and picturesque peasants of these provinces.

We are not given to advanced farming at home, but we have seen no agricultural country so primitive as this. The plows and harness, wagons and teams perfectly conform to each other. The only harness we noticed consisted of rope, some of it made of strips of old cloth, twisted together to make it strong. Half the oxen are cows, and one indescribable wagon we saw at the entrance of a mountain road was drawn by a calf and a donkey.

This does not indicate the utter thriftlessness it would among people at home. These peasants are industrious, and their little republic is never in debt. But their fathers lived in this fashion, and died contented with their lot, and there is every reason why the children should do the same. The great swift world is out of sight and hearing. Their business does not bring them into competion with it, and there is certainly no competition among themselves. They have food and homes and the ministrations of the church, and what is there in that to produce fever and discontent?

We begin to ascend the mountains in the laterafternoon, and until the night gathers about us, we go up through scenes of beauty and wonder that we will not attempt to describe. The League has climbed hills before, but none like these—the approaches to Chattanooga faintly suggest them.

When we have to go to the other side of a mountain, we do it in one of three ways—we climb over it, circle round it, or go through it. Nearly half way up we seem to be running into a wall of cliffs. We hold our breath until we see the engine turn to the right, and in two minutes we have described a half-circle and the dark wall is behind us. Farther on, the road goes to the very edge of a precipice, and when we look for the engine to disappear, it makes a sharp curve and for a mile creeps on a narrow ledge, in view of a splendid waterfall, which

Shakes its loosened silver in the sun, then we cross the ravine on an iron bridge, and the engine begins to puff and blow up the side of a hill. We have only kaleidoscopic glimpses of the sunset; and the after-glow which, as in the Alps, flushes these white peaks with its own beauty, was seen only for a second through a rift in the rocks. What color was it? Not golden, it was too crimson; not crimson, it was too golden. It is a color which no artist ever caught for his canvas, and for which the language has no name; which only the sun can paint, and which he paints only on these fields and peaks of snow.

There were many tunnels near the top—we passed through fourteen of them in twenty minutes—but we cared very little for anything after night came. There was the re-action from the excitement of climbing, and we were so thoroughly tired when we reached the Hotel del Norto in Burgos, that not even mouldy rooms and rats were able to interfere with the sleep of the just.

XVIII.

BURGOS TO MADRID.

SPAIN DISCOVERED BY AMERICA—SPANISH CATHEDRAL AND ITS DISTINCTIVE FEATURES—THE CID—THE CASTLE—LOYOLA AND THE JESUITS—LEGEND OF LEO XIII—MADRID SOCIETY—AUTO-DE-FAU—BULL FIGHTS.

We sometime, make the claim that Spain discovered America, and with as good reason we may say that America discovered Spain. With better reason, for Columbus was an Italian who was simply helped by Spanish gold and patronage. While American writers—Prescott, Irving, Hale and others—without borrowing either brains or energy, have done nearly all that has been done to bring Spain into the light, and reveal its varied and fascinating treasures to the world.

The estimate which is put upon the architectural treasures of Spain is suggested by the words of a great artist, "You will see the Cathedrals of Burgos and Toledo, the finest in Spain, and therefore the finest in Europe." We saw the first-named in the twilight of our first morning there. Whether the sun gets up late out of respect to the ancient and discrepit city we did not enquire, but a number of Leaguers were looking into that forest of spires long before the sunlight touched them. Everything has been done to dwarf and hide the building. It seems to be built into the side of a hill, and a narrow street of unsightly buildings crowds it in front. Yet it so impresses the spectator that even Dr. Buckley was surprised into poetic description. He says, "Strength and delicacy are so

united that the charm and fragrance of flowers are blended with the massiveness of a giant tree."

The interior is more impressive still. After viewing it from the choir and later from the steps of the high altar, and gazing long enough to feel the awe and reverence which come to receptive spirits in such a place, we understand the enthusiasm of Edward Everett Hale, "It is wonderful: I have seen nothing like it."

Yet it is difficult to understand what makes this deep The cathedral is only three hundred and impression. fifty feet long, the roof is less than two hundred feet high, and its exquisite proportion makes it appear smaller than it is. The rich, mellow light comes through its stained windows, and gives a warmth and depth to the old paintings which adorn its altars and walls. The fourteen chapels are full of statues, mural decorations and sculp-But we find these attractions in other tured tombs. buildings which cannot touch and thrill us as this does. Perhaps it is the single feature in others which attracts us—the graceful shaft or carved roof, the folds of marble lace which droop from their pillars, or the high altar which glistens with gold and gems. Here the last touch of beauty is given, not to special features, but to every inch of surface, and it is the influence of the building as a unit which takes possession of us.

We notice two or three distinctive features of the Spanish cathedral.

- 1. It is the Westminister Abbey of its province. The great and famous are taken there for burial. In each of these fourteen chapels we see recumbent statues, not only life-size, but indicating the rank and profession of the sleeper below—the warrior in his armor, the churchman in his official robes.
- 2. We see, also, how closely war and religion were connected in medieval times. With the coat of mail and battle-ax, which are suspended above or beside the tomb, there is the crucifix, and the vessels in which the sacrament was administered on the eve of battle. It made a

strange impression on us—this alliance of the sword and the cross. An observant Leaguer said that in none of these chapels did she see one without the other. A knight was not obliged to keep any commandment of the ten, but he must observe the ritual of the church.

3. Another distinctive feature is, the choir is placed in the center of the building. This may be a defect from an architectural point of view, but it is a great advantage during a musical service. We came here on the Sabbath morning. There was a great crowd between the choir and the high altar, and in the side chapels were people who seemed to avoid the publicity of the main building. These services usually irritate or weary us; but this, the musical part of it, was inspiring and helpful.

The most famous hero of Spanish history, Don Rodrigo Ruy Diaz de Bavar, afterwards called The Cid, was born nine hundred years ago in Burgos, and his bones are sacredly preserved in the Town Hall. He was the champion of Christianity against the Moors. His brave deeds were set to the music of the troubadour, and the Chronicles of the Cid were published two centuries after his He was the King Arthur of Spain, and we cannot tell how much legend has been mixed with the history. In the same grave and pompous style we read of a sublime passage-at-arms, and then of the knight riding into Burgos on his favorite charger after he was dead; and when in his coffin he raised his mailed hand and knocked down a protane Jew. It is a pity that no Spanish Tennyson has appeared, to put these crude Poems and Chronicles into artistic and beautiful Idylls.

Next to the bones of the Cid, the ruin in which Burgos feels most pride is the old Castle. It played a famous part in the religious wars of a thousand years ago. Now it is in ruins, and the only use to which we can put its massive parapets is to climb to the top of them and see the Pyrenees in the blue haze of the north-west; the desolate, treeless plains stretching southward, and at our feet the tower of the Cathedral.

BURGOS TO MADRID.

The longer we stay in Burgos, the more imposing and majestic the Cathedral becomes, and all else is dwarfed and overshadowed by it. This impression was made upon the minds of others. One of the boys put it in his own way. "That building is like a big Brahma hen, with a brood of chickens squatting about her."

The plains from Burgos to Madrid must be dreary in winter, and when the heat of summer has scorched everything. Now they are relieved by great breadths of green, and flowers light up its bleak spaces with scarlet and gold. This in the beginning and near the end of the trip. Between the two plains are the Guadarrama mountains, snow-clad halfway to the foothills, which are not covered with pasture and forest as in the Pyrenees, but with masses of dark rock.

These bits of description we had from a little maiden who allows nothing in natural scenery to escape her. The coach in which the pastor found himself when the sleepy old engine crawled out of Burgos, was soon involved in a discussion of Ignatius Loyola and his work. Only three hours from a small station on the road, in the village of Aspeitia, is the house in which the founder of the Order of Jesuits was born. Standing before this house, the patriotic Spaniard and statesman, Castelar said, "Beneath that roof came into existence the man whose influence has been more fatal than that of any other man who has ever lived on the earth."

This is the conclusion to which non-partisan Romanists have come—the only conclusion possible to those who accept the plain facts of history. On the other hand, members of the Order and writers who are inspired or cowed by them, present the Jesuits as angels of light and blessing. It is a stupendous task which these writers have undertaken. It is most unfortunate for them that all the rules of evidence in civil law point directly and persistently to the Jesuits as the instigators—and in many cases, the actual perpetrators—of the crimes, assassinations, poisonings, criminal intrigues, mental and moral enslave-

ment and degradation, which invariably follow in their train. All this has to be explained, and every explanation is at the expense of their intelligence or morality.

A Leaguer called attention to the legend which appears in Romish journals, and in secular papers which the Jesuits control. Leo the XIII is represented as a tender-hearted and saintly old man, always breathing peace and making personal sacrifices for the good of the world.

Another picture of the pope is suggested by his teaching, and the character of his associates. Not long ago he bitterly lamented that the church was obliged to endure the presence of heretics in Rome. And for his domestic prelate, the man who is closest to him, he selects the infamous M. Cadene, who, in a recent article, gloats over the burning of heretics by the Inquisition, and describes the days of the Auto-de-fa as the golden days of the church.

This second picture is far truer to life than the first. In spite of all attempts to conceal them, the sharp claws will get outside the velvet, and the cruel teath show through the paternal smile. As we go through Spain we can easily see that the Papacy has not changed. This is admitted by candid and courageous Romanists.

We are puzzled over the situation of Madrid until we learn that the spot was selected because it was the center of Spain, and these dreary plains which surround it were formerly covered with forests. This situation gives it a most disagreeable climate. The raw, chilly winds from the Pyrenees, reinforced as they sweep over the Guadarramas, take the charm out of everything. Only on the protected side of an air-tight wall or building could we dream of the incomparably blue skies and gulf breezes at home.

In Madrid we see Spanish life at its best. The palace is there, and the court; the government and a famous University, and all the display and gaity which pertain to a fashionable city. The chivalry and beauty of Spain may be seen there during the season, and on these spring afternoons it suns itself in the Puerto del Sol. The Bois

in Paris may be more brilliant, but it is not so picturesque or interesting. Our hotel has a long balcony which overlooks this fashionable square, and from four o'clock until dark the League cares nothing for books, nor would the finest art gallery have the least attraction for us. Why should it when this moving picture is before us?

By that statue of Charles the 5th, is Don Quixote himself, majestic and punctilious, making a profound bow every few seconds, and every curve of his knightly gestures is according to mathematical law. This is not a field day, and his war horse Rosinante, his coat of mail, and his trusty attendant on a mule, have been left at home. We never saw such profound and continuous bowing, and as snatches of conversation come to us, we hear the most trivial request introduced with, "Will you please take the trouble to tell me," or, "Be so very kind as to inform me," and military titles are abundant as they ever become in a political gathering at home.

The stately and fascinating senora is the center of attraction in the square as well as from the balcony. She impresses us as being perfectly dressed, with a rare grace of movement, and all the charms of face which southern skies and the chemist's art can give her. Her fan is a part of herself, a sixth sense, which has the co-quettish meaning and power of the dark eyes which it alternately hides and reveals. One feature of these afternoon gatherings surprised us—only the young senoras attend them. A vice-president suggests that the elderly ladies may be there—in disguise

More imposing than the Puerto del Sol, if we except the late afternoons, is the Plaza Major. But the sunlight faded out of it when we were told that here were held the infamous auto-de-fa. In the royal picture gallery we saw a painting of this ceremony. The king and queen, attended by the court and foreign ambassadors, are on a balcony. Below them is a long procession of victims, each wearing a loose robe on which are pictures of devils throwing them into the flames. The king formally con-

demns them, and they are led to the Quemadera, a suburb of the city, and burned at the stake.

Our readers know that the bullfight is the national amusement of Spaniards. It is to all classes of society what the prize fight is to a brutal and ignorant class among ourselves. Near the large cities is a handsomely furnished "ring," in shape like a Roman circus. That in Madrid will seat thirteen thousand people. At its entrance is a chapel in which a priest grants absolution to the performers, any of whom may be killed during the fight. The season opens on Easter Sunday. From the gorgeous services in the cathedral and churches the people flock to the ring, and thereafter every Sunday until the extreme heat of summer. There is a second season in the autumn.

Formerly none but knights and gentlemen could enter these fights, and the main purpose was to show skill in horsemanship and the use of the lance. Now it is a mercenary, low and brutalizing pastime, and there must be danger to the men and horrible deaths among the bulls and horses, or the performance is a failure.

The conduct of many Americans, some of them members of churches, gives the Spaniard his strongest defence. There is an authenticated case of a Scottish clergyman who went to a fight on Sunday afternoon that he might see this custom of the country. Let us hope that he was more than satisfied, and that the performance was repeated in all the dreams of that summer.

XIX.

MADRID.

SPANISH WEATHER—RELIC HUNTING—THE VIRGIN'S SANDAL—TOOTH OF ST. THOMAS—ST. CICELIA'S JAWBONE—MEMORIAL TO THE POPE—THE FATED RING—THE ESCORIAL.

If we ever had such exasperating weather as during this week in Madrid, we have altogether forgotten it. Not that we had much rain or dull skies, but a penetrating, depressing wind, directly from the snowfields, met us everywhere. The only thing we really enjoyed in Madrid was the daily vision of stateliness and beauty in the Puerto del Sol.

The morning we intended going to the Chapel of Our Lady of Solitude and the house of Cervantes, began with a storm of wind and rain. After this a fog settled upon everything, and the President decided we had better stay indoors. Our parlor could be made very comfortable for a day like this. It was formerly a grand salon, nearly fifty feet long and twenty wide; richly and quaintly furnished, and its furniture was so arranged that a large company could be in it without any sense of crowding or publicity.

A "colored" programme had been put aside for a rainy day, and afterwards an entertainment, not in any programme, was given by three of the boys. They have a passion for relic hunting, and having secured the professor as guide, they obtained permission to visit Our Lady of Solitude, and other churches which had collections of sacred curios.

The square was deserted, and the miserable clouds

were resting on the towers of the Cathedral; but what cared they when in search of the teeth and jawbones of famous saints! And they went out of sight humming a couplet of an old song they picked up somewhere,

"When it rains, you must do as they do in Spain.
And how is that? Why, let it rain!"

On their return, they were busy in one of the rooms, and later the girls were embroidering what might be intended for whisk broom holders.

That night, in the grand salon, the boys made their re-They had been fortunate in being able to buy in cardboard an exact measure of the Virgin's sandal. They found it in the church of Our Lady of Solitude, the first place they visited. The original sandal is kept in a con-There is no doubt about it, as the priest of vent in Spain. whom they bought this facsimile told them so. a printed statement of this on the sandal, and also a pledge made by one pope and confirmed by another, that whoever kissed this measure three times and said three Ave Marias, should have three hundred years of indulgence, which the boys thought would take most of us to a ripe old age. Nor was this all. The boys called special attention to the further promise that copies could be made from this, and the same papal blessing would go with them. So they bought one which they presented to the President, and they made a copy of it for each member of the League. And very artistic they were, in the orange and blue border of silkateen which the girls had put there. We could not admire the shape of the sandal—it was too broad for But it was probably worn by the Virgin in its length. later life in the home of John. And both sides of the sandal are alike, showing that right and left feet did not prevail at that time.

Next in interest to the sandal and the garrulous old priest, was a tooth of St. Thomas. This was kept in a plain old church—strangely insignificant to be the custodian of such a treasure. It was a small and dainty looking thing, and suggested the question if it was one of the

saint's baby teeth! Besides this, there was a jawbone of St. Cecelia—she of the third century who invented the organ, and became famous as a singing missionary. The question whether this jawbone was secured before or after the taking of the famous picture. "St. Cecelia Lying Dead," was not noticed by the attendant. It seems that offence had been given by that careless remark about the tooth. A further query—if it was consistent with the highest respect to put saint's bones on the market—was also passed without notice.

In another church was what the boys called a "zoological" museum. Among its treasures was the skull of one of the foxes which Samson used to destroy the harvest of the Philistines; the "second joint" of the dove which returned to the ark with an olive leaf in its mouth; also the spine of one of the conies which king Solomon refers to in his Proverbs. The boys were not sure about the last, but did not care to ask again. The priest in charge seemed to be irritated by their questions, and left them before all the bones were explained.

At the next League meeting a paper was read that may be referred to here. It was in the form of a memorial to the highest authority in the Romish church on the subject of saint's bones and other ancient treasures. After stating that the interest and traffic in relics was as extensive now as in the fifteenth century, the paper suggested that there be a rigid supervision of these collections. There could be a "Department of Bones," or if that was not sufficiently musical, it might be named "The Department of Sacred Relics;" its headquarters to be in Rome, and deputies or assistants to be appointed in each Romish country. The duties of the Department should be:

1. To carefully exclude bogus relics from these treasures of the church. In a French monastery there is a bit of the true cross which is really a fragment of pine; and one of the skulls of St. Theresa, kept in Castile, has two bullet holes in it. It is probable that, in the delirium

of joy which possessed the faithful after the massacre of St. Bartholomew, the skull of one of its victims was mistaken for that of the saint. These things occasion irreverent and depreciatory remarks among the enemies of the church.

- 2. To regulate the number and kind of saint's bones. St. Thomas has enough teeth in Italy and Spain to set up a dentist in business; we cannot' tell how many jawbones St. Cecelia has; and the number of skulls which belong to the Apostle James, whose body was carried to Spain, and on a milk-white charger led the Christians against the Moors at Ramirez, are not less than a score, and suggest an ecclesiastical Medusa. This carelessness does not disturb the faithful—nothing will do that—but one aim of the church should be to impress and convert heretics.
- 3. To secure a uniform charge for admission to these treasures. To see the same bone, one has to pay more in Spain than in Italy, and much more in France than in Spain.
- 4. To pay special attention to the needs of heretics. Nearly all these relics are to confirm and encourage the faithful, but something should be done for people who are outside the church. If none of Judas' bones are available, the tree on which he hanged himself, and strands of the rope with which it was done, could be obtained and distributed throughout the church. This would be a most impressive warning to those who reject the truth.
- 5. To make a special collection of the most potent relics for the Vatican. There are bones, articles of clothing and furniture which can restore to health any afflicted and worthy son of the church. What they can do for the poor and ignorant, can surely be done for the pope himself, and the devout custodians would gladly give them up for this purpose. Whenever there was an indication of disease or decline, the prompt and skilful application of the proper relic would restore the pontiff to health again; if the Sacred College, in its wisdom, thought it best to do

this. Such a collection would change the Vatican into a veritable "fountain of youth."

6. To help the church in its work among the colored people of the United States. These people cannot be reached by the bones of the most eminent saints. They would not go near a church, even in broad daylight, in which relics were kept. But they have unlimited faith in a "rabbit's foot." The left hind foot of a rabbit, caught by a one-eyed negro, in a graveyard, at midnight, in the dark of the moon, has wonderful power to heal and protect those who are fortunate enough to possess it. In the hands of skilful and persuasive priests, this simple agent would lead the church to glorious success, and soon the entire colored race would be in the fold.

This paper was forwarded to the Governor-General of the Order of Jesuits with a request that the pope be ordered to organize this Department, and also send out an encyclical to the churches. As we never heard of the paper again, we suppose it was duly received.

The professor described a strange thing they saw in one of the public parks—a ring set with valuable diamonds, hanging by a silken cord around the neck of a statue. The ring has a singular history. It was made for Alphonso the 12th, the father of the present king. He gave it to his bride, who lived only a few months. The next two years it was given successively to five members or relatives of the royal family, and each one died soon after Then the king put it in his own jewel box, receiving it. and in a few weeks he died himself. His executors solemply decided to present it to Maid Almodma, the patron saint of Madrid. The ring is not guarded, and no one dares to touch it.

We cannot go southward from Madrid until we have visited the Escorial—palace, monastery and royal burial place—the most characteristic building of medieval Spain. If we had no other source of information, this book in stone would serve as a key to the Age of Philip the Second.

It is said that this monarch once followed his army to

the battlefield, and while there he promised St. Laurence that if the saint would see him safely home, a monastery should be built in his honor. The next twenty-one years Philip spent on this monument to St. Laurence, and him-He selected the wildest and bleakest spot in all Spain—a slope of the Guadarrama mountains, thirty miles from his capital—and there he erected one of the coldest, gloomiest and most depressing buildings on the face of In shape it is a gridiron—the instrument on which the pagan's roasted the saint—and it is one-eighth of a mile each way. As we walk around its low walls, and see its diminutive windows, all of the same pattern, we forget about the palace, and think how perfectly it serves its double purpose of sepulchre and monastery—a place to put away the dead, and where the living bury them-The walk of half a mile filled the most thoughtless mind with a sense of vastness and gloom.

Within, there is the same monotony—the granite walls seem to encircle us like chains—until we enter the Cathedral. There are larger and finer churches than this, but not one which becomes such a refuge from the cold, depressing influences which are about it. The majesty and beauty of its statuary and carving, and the warm, golden light which came through its stained windows, were never more welcome to us.

The chapels which surround the auditorium of the Cathedral touch us in the same way. More surprising still are the treasures of the library, which is the finest in Spain. The rare, illuminated parchments and books are as attractive as paintings.

We have a special permit to see the Pantheon, in which Spanish kings and queens are buried. We go down a great many marble steps to a region where sunshine never comes, and into a room forty feet square, whose floor and walls glitter with jewels. The coffins are of black marble, and are piled on each other in a way that we Leaguers think is hardly respectful. There are the remains of Charles the Fifth, who met Luther at the Diet of Worms,

and under him is his son, Philip the Second, the builder of the Escorial. Passages of scripture are cut into the marble, in some cases inlaid with pearl, but they are the same passages which we see over the peasant in the country graveyard.

This room is reserved for kings and queens. Adjoining it are rooms where other members of royal families Nearer the light are the tombs of men who are buried. became famous in Spanish history The attractions of the royal sepulchre seem to be, first, its exclusiveness, which counts for much in the eyes of a Spaniard; and it is directly under the high altar of the church, which is supposed to mean something for the dead. The League is glad to get into the light again, and not one would accept a place in that chamber of horrors, if Spaniards were to so far forget themselves as to offer it. A resting place under the pines, where the sunlight can weave dreams of beauty, and the mocking bird make its radiant music, will be good enough for us.

We had read that Philip was less a warrior than a monk, and supposed that we would see traces of this monkish nature in the royal apartment. But we were not prepared for the room to which the guide introduced us. The Escorial contains two thousand rooms, and this is the most bare and cheerless of them all. The modest study in Marianna, in which the pastor grows sermons, is luxuriously furnished when compared with this den in which the master of two continents spent fourteen years of his life. It is now as Philip left it. The only ornament on its walls is a picture of the Virgin. Its furniture consists of one chair, hard and uncomfortable; two low stools, one for the king's gouty foot, the other for his Secretary; and a plain writing desk. At night he slept in a monk's cell.

The President has set her heart on a League meeting in the Escorial. Two buildings in Spain—this and the Alhambra—the high places of papal and Moorish splendor, are to be consecrated by League services. We had a letter from our Ambassador, and through him, another from

the Minister of Public Works, who requested the Prior of the Monastery to show us the Pantheon, and extend to us, as representatives of the great nation across the sea, all courtesies in their power. We soon learned that the courtesy we most desired would not be offered to us. Meetings of any kind, not called by the church, are dreaded by Romanists, and the Prior has no authority to permit a secular meeting in any room of the Escorial. He very much regretted this, as he had the greatest regard for a country which had always maintained the most friendly relations with his own, and which he was delighted to know was now accepting the authority of the church.

The President quietly received this, but it did not change her purpose to hold a League meeting in the Escorial. And in one of the Courts, which answer to the spaces between the bars of a gridiron; in the unfrequented eastern corner of it, where the afternoon sun is trying to warm the grey walls, the President called the League to order. The blue sky was the most ancient roof in Spain, and under its kindly protection we would hold our meeting. Nothing was omitted but the singing, and the papers we read did not disturb the brethren who gathered at the windows, for none of them seemed to understand English. We closed with the Doxology, which touched the old place as the fire bell stirs our people at home. But we had seen all that we cared to see, and did not need the advice of gorgeous cabelleros to leave the most dismal living tomb we had seen in Europe.

XX.

MADRID TO TOLEDO.

LEAGUE MEETING—ESSAYS ON "SPAIN AS IT WAS," "THE DECLINE OF SPAIN," "SPAIN AS IT IS"—TOLEDO IN LEGEND AND HISTORY—CATHEDRAL—BAD NEWS FROM CADIZ.

There were three papers read at this meeting in a court of the Escorial. The first paper described "Spain as it was." In the sixteenth century Spain was the largest and richest empire the world has ever known. Rome in its golden days was only one-sixth; the British Empire is two-thirds: Russia is one-half, and the United States less than one-fourth the extent of the Empire ruled by Charles the Fifth. It included not less than sixteen million square miles. Its wealth was beyond computation—both the gold from the West and jewels and spices from the East came into its treasury. Charles and Philip were supreme on both land and sea, and absolutely controlled the trade of the world. What gave this supremacy to Spain?

- 1. It had a succession of enterprising and aggressive kings. In those days more than now, the distinctive qualities of a monarch were cultivated by his people. An alert, ambitious, daring ruler stimulated and brought to the front those traits of his followers.
- 2. The medieval Spaniards were a hardy, virile race, and the spirit of adventure possessed them. They had the vigor of the Goths and the fiery impetuosity of southern races; an admixture of racial qualities which came to maturity in less time than under the colder skies of England.
 - 3. There was a surprising amount of municipal free-

dom in Spain in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, more than in England or France. The device of one Province, and the spirit of all of them was, "Law first, the king afterwards." This developed a sturdy patriotism which helped to make Spain the strongest nation of that day.

- 4. The Spaniard inherited the civilization of the Moor, a type which peculiarly fitted him for war and conquest.
- 5. The hand-to-hand conflict with the Moor, which lasted for centuries, gave the Spaniard a special training for war. The military idea had the highest place in his life. Fortunately for him, he gave himself chiefly to naval warfare. The Spanish navy exceeded in strength the combined navies of the world. This enabled Spain to take possession of distant lands, and the wealth these conquests brought to its treasury enabled it to make further conquests at home and abroad.
- 6. Religious fanaticism was joined to military strength. The soldier of Spain was also a Knight of the Cross. In those ages of credulity and superstition, this added immeasurably to the zeal and effectiveness of an army.

This paper was followed by a reading from Uncle Remus. The venerable walls and towers became a new and picturesque setting for the story, "How Brer Rabbit lost his Bushy Tail."

The second paper was on "The Decline of Spain." It began in the reign of Charles the Fifth. After this time every step was downward. Spain itself declined, and one by one its colonies rebelled or were taken from it by stronger nations. Now there is only the memory of Empire. What causes led to this?

1. A succession of tyrannous and weak kings. Charles and Philip were strong tyrants, and all their strength was used in cruelty and oppression. After them came fanatical and stupid rulers, each one a little more dense and incapable than his predecessor.

- 2. The enormous wealth which came from East and West led to extravagance and idleness, and greatly impoverished the nation.
- 3. The glory of a military life attracted the strong and ambitious, and left the weakly and infirm at home. This made a nation of non-producers.
- 4. Arrogance and greed of gold estranged its colonies, and led to discontent and rebellion. Cuba is a modern illustration of this.
- 5. The main cause of this decline was the influence of the Romish church. It put such fetters upon thought and life, that the nation could not expand and adjust itself to the social and political changes of later centuries.

But the instrument with which the church did its most deadly work was the Inquisition. If there was no other cause, this would bring the strongest nation to utter ruin. It is self-destructive. If a bear persists in wounding and sucking its own paws, we know what the end will be. In Spain itself, the Inquisition burned and otherwise killed not less than half a million of the strongest and most enlightened of its people. Thousands of the same class left the country. And society was in a state of unrest and apprehension, for this lightning nearly always came out of a blue sky. The Inquisition killed Protestantism there; it also killed Spain.

This second paper was followed by Whitcomb Riley's "Little Boy's Bear Story." It was exceptionally well rendered, and the applause which came at its close had a disquieting effect on the occupants of the windows. They put on a very serious look, and in two minutes every window that opened into the Court was crowded with faces.

The third paper discussed "Spain as it is." Nature has favored it. A lofty mountain range protects its land side, and there are two thousand miles of coast, and ports on two seas. In natural wealth—iron, copper, etc.—it is the richest country in Europe. Its peasantry and lower middle class are sober and industrious. These are the creators of the nation's wealth, and would soon make the

Peninsula to blossom as the rose. The upper middle class and the aristocracy stand in the way of national prosperity. It is said that the Spaniards who have a pedigree and a title number one-fifteenth of the population. Nearly all of them are poor, and consider it a disgrace to work; yet must keep up the appearance of former wealth and splendor. The only way to do this is to render a real or fancied service to the government, or prove that an ancestor did it, and secure a pension. If this will enable him to drive out in the afternoon and rent a box in the opera at night, he is happy though hungry.

Spain has less religious liberty than any country in Europe, excepting Russia. Under the wing of ambassadors and consuls Protestant services are not disturbed. Away from these centers, there is the type of freedom which the squires and clergy of rural England gave to Wesley. The civil law puts Protestantism under a ban. None but Romish priests can celebrate marriages. This relic of clerical barbarism is still the law of Spain.

There are two hopeful features of Spanish life. Freedom of the press and freedom of speech, even to license. A Spaniard can safely say and write things about the government which in Germany would lead to fine and imprisonment. When such bloom appears on the tree, there is hope that some of it will ripen into fruit.

An illustration of this promise can be seen in the depot of the Bible Society in Madrid. It is a wonderful old building, once the home of the Inquisition. There are secret staircases and vaulted passages which, if they could speak, would have an awful story to tell. Now they are filled with copies of the bible. Instead of the groans of agony and the cry of despair, there is the music and hopefulness of God's living word. So may the ignorance and superstition of Romanism give place to the knowledge and blessedness of the truth as it is in Jesus!

The writer of the last paper, while one of the most observant among us, would not depend on the impressions made by a few weeks in a country. He talked freely with

American and English officials in the capital, and with business men who have been near the center of things for many years. And he is sure that he fairly represents Spain as it is.

In a recent romance there is described a Time-machine. By simply turning a lever one can travel, not up and down in space, but backwards or forwards in time. The train in which we ride the sixty miles from Madrid seems to be a machine of this kind. We go backwards at the rate of a century every ten miles, and when we come in sight of Toledo on its granite pedestal, and the yellow Tagus which nearly surrounds it, we are in the fourteenth century. We cross the rapid stream which is swollen with rains from the Pyrenees, and ascend the steep hill to the ancient city. There is a vital difference between the fourteenth century and now. Then the narrow, crooked streets swarmed with two hundred thousand people, who made it the busiest city in Spain. Now the streets are deserted; about everything there is the air of the last days of autumn, and we feel that we ought to move with the sad, measured step of a funeral procession. are almost startled when we see a coquettish face looking down from a vine-wreathed veranda.

While waiting at Bordeaux we read a legend which gave the early history of Toledo, but it sounded like sober fact as it came from a priest in the cloisters of San Juan. This city, he gravely informed us, was founded by Tubal, who moved westward after the Deluge. In one hundred and forty-three years, to a day, after his grandfather left the Ark, he began to build Toledo. The record, he admits, is a little uncertain and hazy after this date, but he is sure that when Nebuchadnezzar destroyed Jerusalem, a multitude of Jews found refuge there. Traditions of a Paradise near the sunset led them on, and they rested not till they found it. There are two synagogues in Toledo, and the ceiling of one of them is of cedar from Lebanon.

The Romans came here and built a city on the plain. The Tagus and their legions afforded all the protection they needed. We see the outline of the amphitheatre and other remains on the banks of the river.

When the Goths entered into Roman labors they preferred a city on a hill. Their castles on the shores of the Baltic were strongly fortified or perched on inaccessible rocks, and these heights protected by deep gorges and the river exactly suited them.

In the seventh century the Moors took charge of Toledo, and it is the impress of their genius and patient work which we see in the streets and gates and horseshoe arches of the city. Two Moorish works of art—the Alcazar and Cathedral—have been destroyed. Another Cathedral, which was two centuries in building, was finished in the fifteenth century, and is considered the finest in Europe.

Charles Kingsley says, "Never lose an opportunity of seeing anything beautiful. Beauty is God's handwriting, a wayside sacrament; welcome it in every fair face, every fair sky, every fair flower, and thank for it Him, the fountain of all loveliness, and drink it in simply and earnestly, with all your eyes; it is a charmed draught, a cup of blessing."

Kingsley wrote these words with a vision of thatched roofs and verdant meadows extending from his study window, and in the distance was a splendid old ruin festooned with ivy. Had he stood in the doorway of this cathedral, he would have written of it with the same charm and beauty. If he had stayed long enough to feel the power which such a building acquires over the imaginative soul, he might not have written anything. The League spent a day there, and when the twilight began to fill its spaces with the unearthly whispers which pervade every large cathedral at that hour, we forgot that human genius had embodied itself there, and could only say, "How wonderful are Thy works, Lord God Almighty!"

That night we were in the grand salon reading, writing, talking, one group enjoying a Literary Pie, when our guide came in with a Madrid paper in his hand. He

translated an item of telegraphic news from Cadiz. "A large steamer, the City of Marianna, arrived in port last night. She was in the storm which raged a few days ago. An officer said she had a narrow escape from the rocks south of Cape St. Vincent, and will be obliged to lie up for repairs. We understand she belongs to a company of American tourists who are now somewhere in Spain."

There was silence for a half-minute, then several Leaguers spoke at once, "I wonder if this will keep us out of the Mediterranean!" We are scarcely surprised that this should be the first thought. When we came to Europe before, the famous places on the coast of this sea were all to be visited. In the plan of the Second trip, twelve weeks were reserved for the Mediterranean, so that we could go as far east as Constantinople, spend a month on the Nile, and return in time for the Coronation. Now we come to our first hindrance, and there may be another and yet another, and we may not go through the Straits at all!

The President suggested that we had better not cross any bridges until we come to them. Had we forgotten the Bay of Biscay?

A committee went on the night train to Cadiz, and returned with a discouraging report. The ship was badly injured. After discharging its cargo at Bordeaux, it had not enough ballast, and was difficult to manage in the heavy seas which met them. They would have to wait a month, possibly two, as Spaniards never did anything in a hurry. The watchword of the Anglo-Saxon is "Onward," that of the Spaniard is "Tomorrow," words which look in the same direction, but with widely different meanings. An old maxim is changed to suit the native taste and aspiration. "Never do today what you can put off until tomorrow."

XXI.

TOLEDO TO CORDOVA.

MOSLEM TOLERANCE—VIRGIN'S FOOT AGAIN—CORDOVA; ITS
PAST AND PRESENT—MOSQUE—LEAGUE MEETING—
ESSAYS ON ¡"MAHOMET" AND "MOSLEM ARCHITECTURE"—NIGHTINGALES.

We lingered in Toledo. There is a charm in its quaint buildings and wandering streets, and the Cathedral yields itself to those who patiently wait for it.

A side chapel of the Cathedral has a suggestive histo-Its form of service comes from the Goths who were here fourteen centuries ago. When the Moors conquered them, they were allowed to retain their own faith and It is a unique thing in the history of Moslem—the protection of christians in their distinctive worship for three hundred and fifty years. The christians, so-called, who drove out the Moors, tried to take away the freedom enjoyed by these descendants of the Goths. The dispute was long and fierce, and at last Cardinal Ximenes, moved by a desire to snub the pope rather than by a spirit of tolerance, decided that these people should not be disturbed. We attended a service in the chapel, and listened with great interest to the chanting of this ancient ritual. It sustains the hope that the spark of ecclesiastical independence which smoulders in Spain, may yet break out in a mighty flame!

There is a marble slab in the Cathedral which excites disgust or amusement according to one's point of view. The legend is that the Virgin once honored the Cathedral with a visit, and when departing her sacred foot touched the floor. The marble yielded to it as if it had been soft clay, and the footprint has been an object of veneration ever since. The boys stoutly maintained that this footprint was a fraud. They had an exact copy of the Virgin's sandal, obtained in Madrid, and certified to on evidence which could not be questioned. Assuming that the sandal was a good fit, the Virgin's feet were short and broad and exactly alike. Whereas this impression is long and narrow, and was made by a left foot!

It is two hundred miles from Toledo to Cordova, only six hours, as we measure distance at home, but we pass from bleak winds and visions of snowy peaks to the beauty and luxuriance of the late springtime. We are in the Time-machine again, but the lever is reversed, and in one night we make an advance of two months.

The first thing that attracted us as we entered the city in the grey dawn, was a grove of orange trees. And soon we are in the courtyard or patois of our hotel—a tiny park of orange, palm and tropical shrubs. The house is a square, and in the center is this delightful retreat from the noise and dust and disenchanting sights of a Southern city. It is pleasant to linger in the shade of an orange tree, a cluster of its fruit nearly touching the back of your chair; and beyond that group of azaleas is the twitter of birds and the splashing of silver water.

It is hardly correct to write of noise and dust in a street of Cordova. Away from the leading thoroughfare, these streets are as silent as a road through a cemetery. Yet it was once called "the city of the thirty suburbs and three hundred mosques," and in the eighth century it was the largest and most famous city of the Peninsula. Even then it was an ancient city, able to trace itself through the Goths and Romans to the Carthaginians, who founded it 200 B. C. Seneca, the philosopher, and Lucan, the poet, were born here. So was Gallio, the brave procurator of Achaia, who cared for none of the things which were the

very life of Paul, and yet he saved the Apostle from the fury of a heathen mob.

Now, the one monument which makes Cordova famous is its mosque-cathedral. In the height of its power and splendor the Caliph of the West determined to build a mosque there which should be the pride of the Moslem world. "He builded better than he knew," and made a temple which has won the admiration of Moslem and Christian for twelve hundred years. The first glimpse of it causes disappointment; it is so unlike the mental picture we have made. The next moment all disappointment is forgotten, as a picture more wonderful than the most opulent imagination ever created spreads out before us. The first afternoon we spent there will always be the red-letter afternoon of these two weeks in Spain.

A wall six feet thick, and no where less than thirty feet in height, guards the sacred place. Inside the gate we walk through a grove of orange and palm trees, and while we are looking for the broad aisles and lofty domes which we find in all other Spanish churches, a Leaguer calls out, "See that grove of petrified trees!" To the left of us, an eighth of a mile in length, and nearly the same in width, seemed to be the trunks of pine or palm trees. Only they are all cut off forty feet from the ground, and in place of branches they are crowned with richly carved horseshoe arches, and what seems to be tinted lichen on the trunk is a mosaic of many-colored gems. There are twelve hundred of these pillars, resting on a floor of white marble and supporting a shell-like roof. The walls are covered with exquisite carving and tracery, and the light which comes through the stained windows is making vivid pic-"The groves were God's first tures on the white floor. temples," and the plan of the Divine builder seemed to possess the great artist whe built this temple at Cordova.

When the Romanists took possession of it, the bishop of the diocese built a cathedral church in its center. So vast is the building that it is hardly touched by this bit of

vandalism: it is the church that is dwarfed and disfigured.

The afternoon before we left, the President called us together for our weekly meeting. We had wandered to the western edge of the grove where there was perfect quiet and seclusion. The faint music which came from the distant organ deepened rather than broke the stillness, and the few priests who moved about the altar were not disturbed by us. The President had requested the members to bring quotations on forests and temples. Only two failed, and they were so intently watching the purple light as it played on a jasper pillar near them, that they failed to hear their names. Irving furnished more than half the quotations, and Thoreau came next.

Irving had spent weeks in the study of this very temple, and he could lose himself in the dreamy and mysterious influences which pervade it. And his words glow in the setting which such a place gives them. Thoreau has the insight of a poet, but his vision is bounded by the New England coast. His words are out of place amid the rich and sensuous coloring of a Moorish temple. Besides this, there is a self-consciousness in Thoreau's most skilful and finished work which lessens both its beauty and effect. Across its face we see the words, "Henry D. Thoreau, His Mark."

The professor had prepared a paper for this meeting on "Mahomet and his Work." He drew a picture of a young shepherd with broad forehead and flashing eyes, who leads his flock to the border of the great desert near Mecca, and dreams of a great future. Again we see him leading a caravan across the desert in the service of a rich woman, and he is still dreaming. Later he begins to preach like one of the old prophets, and there are plots to kill him. His dreams are put into shape, and he claims that a system of religion is revealed to him. Before his death Arabia is at his feet, and his rule is rapidly extending into other countries. The prophet's successors determined to rule the world. Persia yielded to them.

So did Syria, Egypt, all Northern Africa, then Spain and Southern Gaul, and nearly all Western Asia accepted their rule. In the eighth century the Arabian empire was larger than that of ancient Rome. They held Spain for seven hundred years, and not till the sixteenth century was the last of these turbaned warriors driven over to Africa. Even pow the followers of Mahomet number two hundred millions.

What made Mahomedanism so successful?

- 1. There was pressing need of a Reformer at this time. In Arabia the pataiarchal faith of Job had been lost, and there were three hundred and sixty idols in the temple at Mecca. The religion of Persia had degenerated into mysticism and fire-worship, and Christianity had been hidden by wild heresies and defective living. This prepared a way for the Reformer.
- 2. There was much good in the system, and it gave to all who were not christians something better than they had.
- 3. It sanctioned the weaknesses and failings of eastern people, and used them in its service. Worldly ambitions, love of revenge, religious fanaticism, even the sensuous nature were ministered to in the missionary work which every Moslem must do. And the highest place in a voluptuous Paradise was reserved for him who gave his life to the cause.
- 4. The main agent in Moslem success was force—skilfully and mercilessly applied. The few were touched by the literary beauty, the high moralities, or the sensuous rewards of the new religion. The many were brought to their knees when it was offered to them on the point of a scimater or the tip of a lance.

"Miss President," said one of our little maidens, she who played school mistress off the Isle of Wight, "I remember reading a beautiful thought from Mahomet's life. An angel came and took him to heaven, where he saw wonderful things and received from God all the teachings of the Koran. After he had seen and heard everything

the angel brought him back to his couch. And this is what I remember most clearly: When going up, either the angel or Mahomet overturned a pitcher that was full of water, and they were back soon enough to catch it before a drop had run out. This is to show that there is no time in heaven, and it is one of the sweetest illustrations I ever read."

A paper on "Some Features of Moslem Architecture" was now read by one of the Vice-Presidents. She is the same who gave us that suggestive paper under the shadow of Stonehenge, and whose tastes and studies give her authority on questions of this nature. She referred first to the plain exterior of Moslem buildings. This is the feature which first impresses the student and tourist. The absence of exterior decoration was meant to deepen the impression made by the magical beauty which we find within. The door is the exception. It is always small or it would dwarf the interior, but its frame is elaborate and imposing.

Another distinctive feature is the slender, tapering tower, called the minaret. It is the place where the mezzuin sits and at certain hours calls the faithful to prayer. When the Christian church of St. Sophia became a mosque, one of the first changes made was, taking down the belfry and building a lofty minaret in its place.

Neighbor to the minaret is the dome. Whatever the shape or size of the roof it gathers itself into an arch, technically known as the keel-arch, which is like a horseshoe rounded at the sides. Over this may be decorated wood or mosaic work, but usually the outside is plain. If the dome is large, the rim of it is a circle of windows. That of the Great Mosque of Damascus is more than one hundred feet in diameter.

The arch is ever present in Moorish architecture. Not only in the dome, but in doorway and porticos we see it in graceful and endless variety. A horseshoe is its usual form. Sometimes the arch seems to be enfolded in

floating drapery, so exquisitely delicate is the tracery in wood or marble.

The plan of the mosque suggests an architecture that was designed only for the tropics. It is that of porticos enclosing an open square; and in the center is a fountain or tank for washing before prayers. We can hardly picture a turbaned congregation in such a place during a snowstorm.

An exception to this style is St. Sophia, in Constantinople, the grandest Moslem temple in the world. It was built as a Christian church, and when Mahomet II, captured it in 1453, he had a thick coat of whitewash put over its beautiful symbolism. Does the Moslem worshipper ever lift his eyes to the vaulted ceiling? There, dimly visible through the whitewash, is a mosaic of Christ, whose hand is stretched out in benediction. It is surely prophetic of the day when Christ shall come to His own, and from minaret and pulpit shall be proclaimed the story of the cross.

The twilight came before we left, and when returning through the Court of Oranges we were startled by a burst of song from a tree not twenty feet away. There was no mistaking the rich, liquid trills of that music, which even the mocking bird cannot equal. We hoped the season would be advanced enough for us to hear the nightingale in Grenada—the woods of the Alhambra are said to be full of them; and here is one trying to trill itself into fragments on the threshold of the church! We do not trouble ourselves about the motif of his song. It may be a burst of thanksgiving for a luscious worm, or he is thinking of a nest in the depths of that tree, or he may be asserting the supremacy, in all things, of his beloved Spain. us forget the notes of the organ, and the exquisite beauty of marble floor and jewelled pillars and azure roof, and the incomparable music haunted us into the night.

Many years ago, a student from a Wesleyan Theological College spent the last Sabbath of April in the Fencountry of Lincolnshire. His home was a farm house near

a dense copse or thicket, in which there lived a mob of musical birds. That night the student was nearly asleep when there came from the copse a song that was new to him. In a few minutes he was there, and on the drooping branch of an elm was a brown bird, a little larger than a canary, pouring out a very tempest of melody. There were the pure, gurgling notes, now low and measured, then in a higher key and swift as a mountain torrent, which have been the despair of those who would reduce bird music to paper. It is no use trying to describe that song. And the poor, misguided youth knew no better than to stay and listen to it nearly all night.

XXII.

CORDOVA TO GRANADA.

TOWARDS GRANADA—FORTRESS OF THE ALHAMBRA—PAL-ACE OF CHARLES VI—MOORISH PALACE; ITS PLAN AND BEAUTY—FROM THE WATCH TOWER—THE GENERALIFFE—GIPSIES—PALACE BY MOONLIGHT.

As we came in sight of the Sierras, on our way to Granada, two of our girls began to discuss the comparative merits of this range and the Pyrenees. enthusiastic as we swept past orange and olive groves; and the hills in the south-east, their peaks covered with snow, and the lower slopes dark with forests, became more distinct and impressive. They agree that this is much more attractive than the sterile and desolate slopes of the Pyrenees, which they last saw from the Escorial. Which means that the girls, after two weeks reading and travel in Spain, gave the wrong name to the Guadarrama range, which extends east and west a hundred miles south of the Pyrenees. Nor did the pastor see anything wrong in this until one of the Vice-Presidents, she who instructed a young earl in fairy-lore on Salisbury Plain, suggested that he give the League a lesson in Spanish mountains.

The fertility of this valley west of Granada is the fruit of Moorish, not Spanish, genius and labor. The slopes are terraced, and irrigating ditches convey water from the Sierras to every acre in the valley, and it produces three luxuriant crops a year. This has been its record for twelve hundred years.

Not only were the Moors intensive farmers, they ex-

celled in commerce, in the mechanical arts, in statesmanship and architecture. They made this province of Andalusia a paradise of wealth and beauty.

Yet it was not the rich lands of the Moor that made it necessary for him to go into exile! It was a holy crusade in which Spaniards from the bleak and sterile provinces of Castile and Arragon were engaged! So the church of Rome would have us believe, and it is a view which appeals to the Protestant imagination. But it is not sustained by facts. And when the Romance gives place to the Facts of history, the expulsion of the Moors will be classed with the wars of extermination which have made the name of this church a synonym for all that is cruel and infamous.

We are fortunate in reaching Granada before sunset. For thirty miles we rode through a second valley of the Nile. Not since we were in the Landes of Southern France have we seen such thrift and skill in farming. Not even in Florida have we seen, the second week of March, such a promise of harvest.

Granada itself did not impress us favorably. Probably we expected too much. After riding through a very Eden, and with the most beautiful ruin in the world less than an hour away, we were not prepared for the old diligences that waited to take us to the Alhambra. Granada knows that tourists will go there if they have to walk from the station on stilts, but that does not justify such indifference to an Epworth League from the Great Republic.

We drove through the old town, and if we had felt sure that the rickety carriages would hold together it would have been pleasant enough. But the "One Hoss Shay" and its sad fate excluded thoughts of the busy shops, picturesque beggars, and the Cathedral in which Isabella is buried, and whose great towers dwarf all that is about them. Granada is alive, which is more than can be said of all the places we visited.

When the tottering procession came to the eastern side it began to climb a long hill, and on the rugged slopes

we see a semi-circular wall, with thirteen square towers rising from it. Our driver says that the wall encloses thirty-five acres; it is six feet thick and thirty feet high, and the towers are sixty feet above the wall. At last we come to the entrance, and are very much pleased to see an immense horseshoe over its gateway; though we are not at all superstitious, and know that the horseshoe has not the least influence on the good fortune which we are sure awaits us inside.

Before going in we watch the sunset. The afternoon has been clear, only a few patches of slate-colored vapor are in the sky, and the upper rim of the sun is disappearing behind a strip of cloud which rests on the horizon. At the foot of the hill we see the red-tiled roofs of the city; extending for thirty miles is a sea of verdure, and encircling it all, the snowhills of the Sierras reflect the crimson glory of the west. This point of view will not compare with that from the watch-tower of the palace, but we are richly repaid for waiting.

The creaking carriages passed under the horseshoe and into the avenue, shaded by elms which were planted by the Duke of Wellington. All this enclosure, more of a ruin then than now, was offered to the Duke by the grateful Spaniards, but he preferred something else. There was not much of the artist in his nature, and the value of the Alhambra had not been learned a century ago. Now the elms interlace over our heads, and make a delightful drive to the Washington Irving Hotel, built against the great wall, and which is to be our home for a week. As events were shaped for us, we stayed there nearly three weeks, and every day of it was full of instructive and pleasant incident, for had we not passed under the horseshoe?

We hoped to hear the nightingales that night. The Duke's elms are vocal with them in the springtime. But the spring had not come to them, for the elms were silent for two weeks after this. Their brother in Cordova must have lost his reckoning and thought that March was April,

or he reasoned that the early bird gets the worm and the bonniest bride as well. But when spring did come to the elms there must have been a dozen birds in them, for "they made the night mad with the passion of their singing." They seem not to have the jealous disposition of their brethren in England. Only one or two would be able to live in this group of trees. The fiery little songster needs a great deal of breathing space. It is singular that we find these traits in England, where human love has much that is reasonable and business-like in it. And in Spain, where the heart is a suppressed volcano, the birds have the breadth and tolerance which we associate with grey skies and winter

Our first morning was devoted to a general survey of the grounds. A glance shows that it is an ideal situation for a fortress palace. Within the enclosure is a miniature landscape—gentle hills from whose sides come springs of melted snow from the Sierras, and which make music through the flower-clad ravines. Without, is a varied and enchanting view across the city and plain, and as a majestic background there is the white splendor of the mountains. While the walls and towers made it a safe retreat from war.

We go into the inner enclosure through the gate of Justice, where, in the olden time, Moorish judges sat and administered the law of the Koran. The first building we see is a puzzle to us. It is of great size, but is clearly not of Moorish design and was left unfinished. There are no doors or windows, and its imposing piazzas are roofless. Our guide says it is the work of Charles the 5th, who pulled down several Moorish buildings to make room for this. We have learned that whenever Romish priests or kings came into possession of a church or palace built by those of another faith, their supreme desire was to disfigure or destroy it.

The guide began what might be a long speech on this building, and Leaguers became impatient. We had come to see the Alhambra, and when at last we asked him to

show it to us, he pointed to a group of low, plain buildings which this intrusive ruin was hiding from us, and he quietly said, "That is the Alhambra!" Prepared for an awful disappointment we followed him into the building, and it was going into the Arabian Nights! So unexpected and bewildering was the vision of beauty that our first impulse was to rush through it and see all we could before it dissolved and was lost to us for ever. We had often wondered why no one had made a clear word-picture of it. For the simple reason that it cannot be done. We wandered through these Courts and Halls, and in a dazed way looked at everything, but we received no distinct impressions; we were simply overwhelmed. The next day we tried to get the plan of the building in our minds. are a succession of plazas or courts—one of them being a hundred and forty feet by seventy-four. In the center is a fountain playing. Around the Court are porticos opening into large halls, royal reception rooms, the private apartments of the palace, or leading into the gardens and towers, which were sacred to the ladies of the harem.

After getting the plan of the palace in our minds, we began to study it in detail. We continued the study for three weeks, and then were only beginning. In the Court of Lions are one hundred and twenty-four pillars which are the perfection of beauty. Near the top they branch into exquisite arches, infinitely varied in design, and covered with marble lace-work, so dainty and gossamer-like that it seemed to float in the air. The fountain in this Court is upheld by twelve lions made of white marble. One of the porticos has a stalactite ceiling, after the pattern of a roof in a limestone cave, which is a mosaic of more than five thousand gems. Each successive Court and Hall and stately Waiting Chamber seems to be more beautiful than the last. Not an inch of space on pillar or floor or ceiling that is not richly colored or covered with delicate tracery. And as we study it day after day we can hardly realize that it is not all a radiant dream.

One afternoon we visited the Generaliffe, which is

farther up the hill, and contains rare old pictures and a luxuriant garden of tropical shrubs and flowers. We had a letter of introduction from our Consul at Madrid, and it secured for us exceptional courtesies. After a stroll through the grounds we were invited to the plaza, a delightful retreat in the center of the home, and under the vines were tables with a dainty luncheon arranged on them—sliced pineapple, of a quality we have not found at home; a mysterious kind of spiced cake, and tea with sprigs of lemon verbena in it. Then the young ladies of the home gave us a selection of guitar music, such as young cavaliers from the city play in the moonlight.

Nearly every evening we are in the watch-tower of the palace. It affords a magnificent view, from the sunset to This is the season of equinocthe snowfields in the east. tial storms, and the massing of purple clouds, followed by the crash of thunder and gusts of blinding rain, was a superb sight. One afternoon we see the storm driving across the plain—the wind bending everything before it, followed by a thick wall of rain and this by a trail of silver Close behind the storm came a burst of sunshine absorbing the mists, sending shafts of light into the masses of palpitating rain, and changing the rain-drops which drooped from blade and leaf, into glistening diamonds. It was a moving picture, but such as no artist could make, and which we may never see again. watched it disappear in the mountains, and when we turned to the west, the streaks of gold, under layers of blue and lead were all that remained of sunset.

On one side of Granada are limestone caves inhabited by gypsies. They may wander about Southern Spain at other seasons, but the caves are swarming with them now A withered old dame came out to us, gorgeously attired in finery and cosmetics. Besides other things, she wore a moire silk skirt, a dolly varden polonaise, and a head-dress of orange ribbon adorned with brocaded red flowers. She very much wanted to tell us of the good fortune which

awaited our girls, but the President decided that we would have no dealings with her.

A later morning a group of Leaguers, in charge of our guide, passed that way, and the same old woman siezed a girl's hand, and told her that within a year she would marry a noble of Castile and live in a grand castle. It was an unfortunate prophecy, for this matter-of-fact girl cannot endure these proud and romantic Spaniards. Not at all discouraged, the old dame pointed to another girl, who kept her distance. She was to marry a rich husband in her own country, and then she can travel in Spain all her life. Which prophecy was also unfortunate, for this Leaguer is to be associated with the organist in the control of a poultry farm. And they will gather about them all the Jersey cows, and shepherd dogs, and black cats they desire.

We have an opportunity to see the Alhambra by moonlight. If beautiful by day, it becomes indescribably so when the white luster falls on column and arch and fountain, giving depth to its shadows, and suggesting an infinite stretch of enchantment in the Halls beyond us. Later in the night the pastor went through it alone. The moon had climbed higher, and its radiance fell on films of marble lace, and illumined the gems set in a row of pillars that were in the shadow before. The absolute silence which brooded within was heightened by the wild music of birds in the avenue. There was needed only the noiseless passing of slaves and the murmur of distant music, to make a picture of six hundred years ago.

After breakfast we were summoned to Washington Irving's room, which looks into a Court of orange and palm. The usual order of service was changed, and we had an experience meeting. Each member was to state, in a few words, the impression which had been made by five weeks in this land of the cavalier and priest. The address of the President, with which the meeting closed, was suggested by these experiences. She maintained that everywhere and in all circumstances, we must have an absolute faith in

the final success of the truth. Appearances may be against us. Throughout Spain we have met indifference and scepticism, and the church is doing little or nothing to lessen or prevent it. Whether this corrupt and unspiritual church will be reformed from within, or regenerated from without, we cannot tell. We are sure that all the strength and beauty of this kingdom will yet be consecrated to the Lord's service, and in these splendid churches men and women will worship Him in spirit and in truth. Why God delays we may never know. The poet says:

"There are no dates in His fine leisure."
We only know that this waiting does not mean either indifference or weakness. "When we see a battle between an iceberg and the Gulf stream," said the President, "we know which will win."

XXIII.

GRANADA TO SWITZERLAND.

BURGOS AGAIN—SOUTHERN FRANCE—STRASBURG CATHE-DRAL; ITS CLOCK AND STATUARY—TO GENEVA—TO VALE OF CHAMOUNI.

We are to go from Granada to Switzerland. Our steamer is still at Cadiz, and the captain reports very slow progress, but is confident he will be ready for us by the first of May. This month of waiting we will spend in the Alps.

We soon make up our minds to go to Switzerland by rail. There are coast steamers every morning from Malaga to Genoa. From that port it is only three hours to Milan, and in two days we come to Zermatt at the base of the Matterhorn. But we dread the Gulf of Lyons, which, at this season is always worthy of its name, and an average Italian steamer is a thing to be avoided, even if it sails over a crystal sea.

The return trip over the Pyrenees to Bordeaux was divided at Burgos. The decrepit old city has a great charm for us, and we study another sunset from a parapet of the castle. The next morning there was time to drive two miles up the Arlanzon river to a famous convent founded by Isabella. It was a center of learning and benevolence, but now its magnificent halls and chapels are deserted. Instead of two hundred brethren there are scarcely a dozen, who spend their days droning prayers, and their nights trying to sleep in stone cells. We feel

contempt for a system which condemns human life to such utter uselessness.

There is not much to detain us in Bordeaux, and we are on the first Continental Express which leaves for Lyons and Strasburg. This seems to be a circuitous route even to Strasburg, and "that is not the way to Switzerland," said one of the younger Leaguers, who wants to know the why of everything. The Council usually has a good season for what it decides to do, and we came to Bordeaux because our guide, when drunk in Granada, had made it necessary for us to come. From Bordeaux the shortest way is through Paris, but we want to see the Southern districts of France, and therefore went by way of Toulouse and Arles to Lyons. A new guide, kindly engaged for us by Dr. Lunn, of Argonaut and Grindelwald fame, came on board at Arles. "He will take excellent care of your League, and also take care of himself," wrote the doctor to the President. And he proved to be not only an efficient administrator of League affairs, but a genial and instructive guide.

Many of the places we passed had come through centuries of tragic history, but we had to be satisfied with glimpses of them from car windows. As we approach Lyons, and for a distance beyond it, we are in the hill country, and on the rocky and terraced slopes are the finest vineyards in the world. Further on, the hills give place to mountains; and we have a faint glimpse of what awaits us in Switzerland. Eastward is one of the Alps—a pine forest reaching to its shoulders, resting on that a gleaming necklet of glacier, and its head is a mighty dome of snow. We would rather not see anything more until we can satisfy ourselves with seeing; and we are not sorry that night comes before we enter Geneva. We have the feeling which moves the hungry boy to nibble leisurely on the crust of his mince-pie, and reserve the rich, delicious center to the last! After the traditional "twenty minutes for supper," we go on through Lausanne and Neuchatel to Strasburg, which we reach at midnight.

The Cathedral is the magnet which draws us away from Switzerland. The west front is the most imposing Cathedral entrance in Europe, and is an amazing combination of solidity and grace. Its stone surface is chiselled into delicate lace. We notice the triple porch, adorned with statues and bas-reliefs which we could study for a month. Above this is a circular window of stained glass, forty-eight feet across; and on the north side the spire goes up nearly five hundred feet—a few feet nearer the sun than the pyramid of Cheops or St. Peter's at Rome.

The astronomical clock in this spire is its most attractive feature. Two of our boys have a genius for mechanics, and we had promised them that if we ever came within a thousand miles of Strasburg, they should see this clock.

They had read its tragic history. How the magistrates put out the eyes of the inventor, lest he should make another clock to equal or surpass theirs. And how he disarranged something in the works, and the clock was of no further use to them. In the last century a new one was made out of the ruins of the old. It contains an orrery, which shows the revolutions of the planets, and all eclipses of the sun and moon. Besides this, it indicates the movable feasts and holidays of the ecclesiastical calendar, and on the 31st of December the clock regulates itself for the next year. There are four movable statues representing childhood, youth, manhood and age, which come out in that order and strike the four quarters of the hour A figure of death strikes the hours, and while it does this, a statue above it turns an hour-glass. At noon a procession of the twelve apostles goes across the platform, each one bowing to the image of Christ, which raises its hand to bless them.

"It is not possible for a piece of machinery to do all this of itself," said one of the boys. "People behind there are pulling the ropes. The finest mechanic we have today could not do it." There it is! The assumption that we are the people, and the highest wisdom was born with us! We cannot do it, therefore it has not been done! In this we serenely ignore the facts of history. The lawyer studies the orations of Demosthenes that he may learn how to prevail with juries: the artist goes back to Phidias for his statuary, and to De Venci and Raphael for his paintings: the poet to Homer and Isaiah for ideal poetry; the mathematician to Euclid: the architect to the Dark Ages or beyond them: the moralist to the half-civilized tribes on the border of the Mediterranean, and the finest Irish bulls which roam in the fields of current literature came al! the way from ancient Greece. In the face of this, we complacently say to each other that, in knowledge and achievement, this is the most wonderful age that ever dawned on the earth!

The artist who designed this Cathedral was Erwin of Stainback, the greatest builder of the 13th century. His work was continued by his son, and when he died, his sister Sabina, already a famous sculptor, took up and finished the great work.

The architect built his great heart
Into the sculptured stones.
And with him toiled his children,
And their lives were builded, with his own,
Into the walls, as offerings to God.

The President led us to the south transept, and while we stood around the sandstone columns which support its vaulted roof, she read a paper on "Sabina's Pillar." The evolution of a pillar was described. The first was an undressed block of stone, supporting a slab equally rough and uncouth, as at Stonehenge. Then these stone supports were smoothed and squared, and another step gave the builder a circular column. Then he thought that a flat stone as a base, and a square block on top, would give strength and grace to it. With column and capital and base, there was needed only the genius of the builder. He put circular mouldings at the base, the top was enriched with all sorts of carving, and the column itself was covered with tracery or became a cluster of shafts. the pillar grew from a rough block to a thing of perfect beauty.

"Sabina's Pillar" is this cluster of shafts or columns, and these spaces between them are filled with beautiful sculpture. It was easy for the youngest Leaguer to understand, as the words were illustrated by the noble picture in stone. The sculptor-builder intended it to be a memorial to her father. But there is one beautiful touch of affection which may escape the thoughtless observer. In the farthest corner of the transept, and in full view of the pillar, is a stone arch. Under the arch, and leaning on a balustrade, is the figure of an old man looking at the pillar, and there is an expression of deep contentment on his face. It is the father, approving his daughter's work.

We return to Geneva by daylight. This did not avail us on the east and south, for all through the day the mists hung low and heavy, and when we came to a rift in the hills, these same mists grew more dense and enveloped everything. The range of the Juras, which extends north and west of us, is a contrast to the Alps—it is pine-clad to the very summit. This is the double picture we hoped to see—white peaks and dark-green heights in the same view. But we cannot have all we want—not even in Switzerland.

If we had been dropped from the clouds we would know in what country we are. Not often do we get out of sight of waterfalls. Some of them are tumbling wildly over the rocks, while others are little more than streamers of silver mist. Nor can we mistake those quaint wooden chalets, perched on ledges of rock, and on both sides of the train are groups of women and children, with great bundles of firewood on their backs. We cannot stop at Berne to see the bears, nor at Freiburg to hear the famous organ, nor yet at Lausanne, which nestles between the hills and the lake, on which the inexorable mists are still brooding.

That night in the Hotel de Ville, Geneva, there was a meeting of the Council. We had decided to make Geneva our headquarters for two weeks, which would bring us a

little nearer to the Swiss springtime. But it is one thing to make our plans in Spain, and quite another thing to be within ten hours of Chamouni, and know that on clear days we would be obliged to have an unsatisfying view of its white peaks and domes. So we vote to leave for this Swiss "Garden of the Gods" the next morning, and explore Geneva and its Lake when we return. Our guide warns us that a great deal of weather is lying about Chamouni in April, but he goes out to arrange for us, and by early twilight the next day we are thawing ourselves in the Hotel d'Angleterre. This ride to Chamouni we will never forget. The clouds were lowering when we left Geneva, and when we changed from train to diligence there was a steady drizzle of rain, with enough wisps and shreds of vapor in the air to shut everything from view. Near the close of our journey the wind rose, and the day ended in a wild snowstorm.

This storm lasted scarcely an hour after we arrived; the stars were out by eleven o'clock, and we were assured there would be a bright morning. There was not much sleeping that night. The dream which had been repeating itself from childhood was going to be more than realized.

XXIV.

SWITZERLAND.

VIEW OF ALPS—STORM IN JURAS—"GLACIER AND AVA-LANCHE" MEETING—MER DE GLACE—ATTEMPT TO CROSS IT—SUNSET AND ALPENGLUH.

There are hours in one's life which do not pass with the shadow upon the dial, but become an inseparable part of the present. Such was the hour of our first sunrise at Chamouni. We waited until nearly full light, then opened a window to the south, and stepped on the balcony.

That vision of glory will abide with us for ever! Everything was draped in white, from the pine trees in the valley to the highest domes—a stainless, dazzling On one side were the cathedral spires of the Aiguilles, rising into a hundred crystal points. the valley are the vast precipices of the Grandes Jorasses, broken up into chasms and pyramids, grotesque and Near this range is an undulating wilderness, its white surface relieved by dark lines of moraine, which extends to the edge of wild-looking cliffs, whose name we do not know. Over there, at the base of a limestone precipice six thousand feet high, seems to be a raging sea, only its crested waves are frozen, and blue depths are showing near the drifted snow. And in the south, high above all else, is Mont Blanc, a stupendous mass of granite, "rock-ribbed and ancient as the sun," rising into glacier and trackless wastes of snow, and from its awful Whichsummit it seems only a step to the divine throne.

ever way we look there is the silent, majestic, overpowering glory of God!

While we are looking, the eastern edge of the great dome changes to a silvery radiance, as if the day was encircling it with jewels, and soon every crag and peak in the circle is touched with gold. And when the sun comes over the jagged edges of Montanvert, and silently fills the length and breadth of the valley with floods of splendor, we feel as Moses must have felt when he saw the strange fire of the thorn-bush, and there came to his soul the hush of a great reverence.

We notice the silence which broods over this region. It is too early for the fall of the avalanche, and the only sounds which come up to the balcony are made by young Leaguers, who are wild over a game of snowball. The more staid among us decided that we could play with snow at home—if we wanted to: but this vision of snow, spreading its shining drapery over spires and domes, and everywhere wind-swept into wreaths and curves of exquisite grace, we may never see again. So we remained in this pleasant eyrie, protected from winds, and with a perfect view of the valley and the wilderness of peaks beyond it.

The President had to spend some time this morning teaching the less thoughtful Leaguers that rules were made to be kept. They wanted to go to the edge of a glacier, just to see what it is like. They would keep out of all danger, and if the guide would not go with them, couldn't they go by themselves!

Home training, or the lack of it, is revealed at these times. If children have been learning obedience from the hour of their birth, there is seldom any trouble with them.

By the middle of the afternoon nearly all traces of yesterday's storm had disappeared. The white forests had become green again, and above them the dark spires of rock seemed to rise one after another out of the wastes of snow. The sky was a shimmering sea of blue, unflecked by the faintest cloud, and the air of the valley was still and

oppressive. A Vice-President was saying what a pleasure it was to have these broad sky-spaces, in which the eye could roam without any sense of imprisonment, when we were all startled by a roll of thunder in the west. range of the Juras was behind us, and we had not noticed the storm that was gathering there. The dramatic element seems to pervade everything in this region, and in ten minutes after the first crash startled us there was a wonderful gathering of clouds over one of the peaks, a little north of west. An artist would be laughed at who should put such colors on his canvas. The lower folds were nearer black than we ever saw clouds before: a little higher up the color shaded into a lurid purple, and near the edges it is softened into indescribable tints of crimson. We could not say which was thunder and which was echo, but for a time the roar was incessant; while the lightning played in fantastic curves, and sometimes came from behind a purple cloud-bank like a sheet of flame. This was the grandest electrical storm we had ever seen, and the only one we had seen break over a landscape of snow and glacier. We could only imagine what it would be among the white peaks to the east of us.

We had no sunset that evening. The rich colors disappeared with the storm, but the masses of cloud stayed in the west, and long before twilight came, faint wreaths of vapor began to fill the glens and creep up the hills, and the glorious vision passed away.

We gathered in the east parlor after supper, and held what was described in one of the boy's Journals as "The Glacier and Avalanche Meeting." We are to go on the Mer de Glace in the morning, and the President thinks it is the proper time to discuss the peculiar phenomena of this region.

The professor led with a talk on "Glaciers." On the high peaks snow accumulates, and under pressure and cold it changes to ice and slides down to the valleys. It seems to be solid as iron, grinding the rocks to fragments, and its edges cut the flesh like a knife; but it is really a

semi-fluid, and fills every hollow and winding passage as it descends—a mighty river of ice. The rate of descent is about one inch per hour, and is more rapid at the center and on the surface, and slower at the bottom and the sides. This unequal motion, and the inequalities of the rocks beneath it. make cracks or crevasses in its surface, in width from an inch to hundreds of feet, and in places it rises into ridges and peaks. The lower part of the glacier yields to sun and rain, and streams are formed in its The Rhone is born in a glacier of that name, and the Arveiron flows from the Mer de Glace. Altogether there are not less than five hundred of these ice-rivers in Switzerland. The one we will try to cross in the morning is made up of three tributary glaciers which descend in different ravines, and unite in this great basin. twelve miles long, nearly two wide, and a thousand feet thick. Glaciers terminate where the melting below equals the supply from above. Rocks of great size are distributed over their surface—some delicately poised on the very edge; others resting on slender pyramids of ice. margin is a dark line of mud and debris, which becomes, in summer, a mass of Alpine flowers—gentians, forget-Fed by the drip of melting ice, me-nots and violets. frequently snowed on and sunned in the same hour, they persist in their mission of humanizing these wild solitudes.

The most dreaded feature of a glacier is the *crevasse*. This may be a tiny crack or a yawning chasm, its walls fringed with icicles, and its depths a fairy palace of sapphire. Tourists, and even guides, slip into these openings which are often concealed by a thin covering of frozen snow.

"Of what use are glaciers?" asked a practical Leaguer, one who would compute the horse-power of Niagara, and who mourns because these blocks of ice are so far from soda fountains.

"The glacier," continued the professor, "is one of the most helpful provisions of nature. It gives coolness and

health to the otherwise hot and stifling valleys; and brings down, in a safe and measured way, the water and soil of the hills to sustain the luxuriant meadows of Switzerland and Italy. In the blue caverns of the glacier rise the great rivers which carry greenness and fertility to Central and Southern Europe. And they make pictures of incomparable beauty and majesty to instruct and enrich Epworth Leagues."

The pastor was next called on for a talk on "Avalanches." He could not see why he had been selected to discuss these disquieting and untamable phenomena, but he had long since learned the lesson of unquestioning obedience. He reminded them that he was limited to the movements of snow and ice, and therefore he had nothing to do with landslips or the violent storms which often came to these valleys.

The season of the avalanche is from the opening of spring to the next winter; only one kind has its set time for coming down. It occurs in April and May, when the sun begins to loosen the masses of snow. The other kinds were described—the dust avalanche, which consists of the light, newly-fallen snow; the sliding avalanche, which comes slowly, and can be prepared for; and the glacial avalanche, which is formed of fragments of glacier, broken off by rocks or forced over a precipice. Sometimes they fall in unexpected places or overstep their usual limits, and plough their way through cultivated fields and villages. There is a great disturbance of the air, often amounting to a hurricane, during these awful visitations. Men who are a hundred yards distant are lifted off their feet, and vineyards are swept away.

Forests are cultivated, and massive walls of stone are built to break the force of the avalanche. We will see one of these walls in the Canton of Lucerne. It is built with an angle towards the hills, and for sixty years has protected the village and the tiny farms below it.

"It is nearly time for the spring avalanche to awake," said the pastor in closing, "and we may not only see and

hear this sublime phenomena, we may get unpleasantly near to it, before we leave the Alps."

The fog disappeared soon after breakfast the next morning, and our lighthearted company is on the rough road to the Mer de Glace. We stopped on the southern side of a cliff to draw woolen socks over our shoes and practice with our alpenstocks. We were so picturesque. said one of the girls who had a kodak, that we were persuaded to pose long enough to be "taken." There must be something the matter with the kodak, for all the pictures it has made of us have been much too dark, and we recognized each face by noting its position in the group. We could pass for Booker Washington's graduating class, with President Roosevelt, who resembles our guide, looming up behind. But the owner of the kodak is not at all This picture she knows will be beautiful, discouraged. and she will take us again as we cross the glacier.

When we climb down the cliffs and get a near view of it, we understand why this glacier is called "a frozen sea." It has the surface of a sea whose waves are blunted and crushed by a storm, and in that condition instantly frozen. These waves run parallel with the whole length of the glacier. The color is nearly white on the crest, shading to a silvery blue where the sunlight touches it, and the hollows are dark with rocks and other debris. Not a stones-throw from us is a wide crevasse, and a boulder which had rested on the edge tumbled in while we looked at it, and we heard it crashing through icicles which hung to the sides. "That crevasse," said our guide, "was more than a hundred yards higher up last season, and is at least eight hundred feet deep."

We draw a veil over the things which happened the next half-hour. If it is difficult for the novice to appear graceful on level ice, we can imagine what it is on the rough waves of this sea. The only pleasant memory of the time was the enchanting beauty of a crevasse into which we descended. It was filled with boulders to within twenty feet of the surface. The walls were of the

richest blue, and in them were the most exquisite crystalline forms. But the coldness of it, and the murmurs of the glacial streams which came up from the abyss, made us eager to get out.

When less than one-third of the way across, the guide gave the order to return. A strong wind was blowing down the glacier, and the roughest part of the way was before us. We wanted to reach the other side, but no one objected to going back. We had already lost everything that could be swept away. Two U. S. flags were to be planted on the high crest a little beyond us, and the boys were to formally annex this glacier to our own country. These flags were captured, and when last seen had nearly reached the valley. The kodak also came to grief. owner slipped, and before she could regain her feet the treasure disappeared in a crevasse. When it is fished out of the Arveiron some time in the future, what thoughts of tragedy and death will it suggest to the imaginative correspondent!

On our return we were to rest on the edge of the cliff, and one of our best readers was to give us Coleridge's "Hymn in the Valley of Chamouni." This was wisely omitted, and we hastened to the hotel. There were no broken bones, only scratches and bruises, and one of the boys, who refused help when climbing a steep wave, had slipped and made a gash in his cheek. The President always carries a liberal supply of court plaster and balsam liniment, and in a little while the League was resting comfortably.

The last hour of the afternoon we are on the balcony, watching the approach of sunset. It is not grand or overwhelming, as it must sometimes be, it is simply beautiful. The absence of the smoke and gases which affect the lower cloud region, gives to this upper air a lightness and transparency which is peculiarly its own. There are no great banks of cloud, such as gathered in the west the evening before. Only once, and for a few moments, did the scattered wreaths unite to form a great silver palace

over the crest of Montanvert. Between these white crests and above them are remnants of pearly cloud, which continually change their place and assume any shape the imagination chooses to give them, and their rhythmic movements seem to be directed by music. The line of shadow creeps higher and higher, until the ravines and lower peaks are left in its gloom, and soon the last sunbeam fades from the highest dome.

"Is that all?" asks one in a tone of disappointment.

We are still looking at that majestic dome, and the faintest rose-light begins to diffuse itself over the snow. Gradually it deepens and extends downwards until the entire snow-clad range is ready to burst into flame, and the purple of the ravines changes to a rich lilac. We feel that one of the celestial gates has been opened, and we look upon the beauty of God. In a few minutes the light faded as quickly and silently as it came.

We went indoors and listened to Coleridge's Hymn, and it was a disappointment to us. We could not see the beauty and majesty of that poem until we left Switzerland.

XXV.

SWITZERLAND.

DELAY—"SOCIETY" AND YOUNG METHODISTS—PARENTAL NEGLECT—SABBATH SERVICE—EXTRACTS FROM MISSIONARY SERMON—OPEN AIR MEETING—PAPERS ON "GOD IN NATURE," AND "NATURE HIDING GOD"—OLD SEA CAPTAIN AND NEGRO QUESTION.

The City of Marianna will probably not be ready for us until the last of May. The captain sends a brief message twice a week, and still thinks that the work ought to be done by May 1st. But we read between the lines that he cannot understand the slow, cautious movements of a Spanish workman. More definite information comes to us from the electrician. He writes long letters to one of our girls, and is confident that the ship will be in Cadiz until June. In this event we will have all the time we want in Geneva, and afterwards can go to the woods about Engelberg and other places in Northern Switzerland.

This reference to our electrician led to a conversation about him. Between our First and Second Trips, he attended a Technological School in his own State. The social life of the small town was moulded by a set of young ladies. They did not represent the intelligence or culture of the place, and the highest womanly qualities had been blunted by their frivolous life. They directed the card and wine and dancing parties, and found their heaven in the small talk which pervades these amusements. They were also the propogandists of a church. All the arts of

the coquette and the resources of social life were used to draw Methodists from their faith. Thoughtful and self-respecting young people were not touched, but all were not of this class. Many a young man yielded to the tempter, and the lessons he learned in the fashionable parlor naturally prepared his way to the saloon and gambling den.

Parents are partly to blame for this. That old law, "And these words...thou shalt teach diligently to thy children," has not been repealed. DeQuincy says of this Bible reading, "No book was so much in request among us. It ruled and swayed us as mysteriously as music. Above all, the story of a just man—man and yet not man, real above all things, and yet shadowy above all things, who had suffered the passion of death in Palestine—slept upon our minds like early dawn upon the waters." A mind that is saturated with these great truths, and a conscience that is made strong and sensitive by them, will not care for the questionable frivolities of life.

In these days, so varied and pressing are the claims on our artistic and strenuous mothers, the children have to be set aside. Choice geraniums and new roses have to be studied and coaxed and worked with, and brought to a many-colored perfection; decorations for a pink tea or an essay for a meeting of the daughters of the Renaissance—these things *must* be attended to, and the children are trained and cared for by others.

Nor are our young people taught, as they should be, loyalty to their own church. We have a history they would be proud of—if they only knew it. The charity and tolerance which is growing in other churches was learned at the feet of Methodism. They have adopted our methods of work, and the creed which Wesley held by himself one hundred and fifty years ago, they are assimilating as quickly as they can. And the influence of Methodism upon the morals and civilization of the past century, secures for it an honorable place among the churches of the world. Our children ought to know this, and then the

invitation to leave their church or Sabbath school, however deferential or flattering the invitation may be, will be resented as a young man would resent an insult to his mother.

Our last day in Chamouni was a Sabbath, and the pleasantest we spent there. The icy winds which came across the snows slept for the first time in two weeks, and we saw the first cluster of violets in a cosy nook of the valley.

We had our own service in the parlor of the hotel, and the preacher gave us an appropriate sermon on Acts 1:8. Paradoxical as it seems, the tendency to become narrow and selfish is greater when we are traveling than it is at home. There is no thought of indebtedness to the strangers we meet, and all our senses are alert to receive what nature and our changing life brings to us. We need to go out of ourselves and realize that we are under bond to serve, with enthusiasm and self-sacrifice, the "uttermost part of the earth."

The preacher gave us, first, a paraphrase of the text. As if the disciples could not grasp the thought at once, the Master put it in this enlarging form. "You must begin in Jerusalem. In the place where your Lord was put to death, you shall show the authorities and the masses of its people that He still lives and would save them. Then you must do My work in Judea. In all its villages and hamlets, from Joppa to the Dead Sea, and from Bethel to the Southern desert, its people must hear of Me. Samaria,' You must cross the border of Judea and witness to Me in the land of your hereditary enemies. may despise your race and pour contempt on your faith, you are to proclaim Me in every valley and on every hill of Then you go northward, away beyond the that province. snows of Lebanon; and eastward over the plains of Assyria; and westward, to the remotest island that is gilded by the setting sun; and southward, beyond Arabia and Egypt -to the uttermost part of the earth-ye must be witnesses unto Me."

We add a few paragraphs which will apply to others besides Leaguers.

"These disciples were not to stay in Jerusalem until every man and woman in it had accepted Christ. In that case they would not have left the city at all. The Master's purpose seemed to be, to establish a church in Jerusalem as a center of light and influence, so that the means of knowledge and salvation would be within the reach of every man in the place. Then they were to work in everwidening circles until the remotest islands of the sea had heard the story of the cross. This cuts the tap-root of that old objection to missions abroad, that we have so many unsaved at home. We have them and always will have, because they will not be saved.

This missionary work to which the Master calls us, is not simply a christian duty to which we should attend, it is christianity. It is not only a work we will all be the better for doing, it is our very breath and life. ter said christianity was love. And love is self-sacrifice. It is going out of ourselves in order to a higher life in The Master's life is defined and illumined by the words of the Apostle, 'Christ pleased not Himself.' It is all there. The putting aside His giory; the life of teaching and healing; the awful death—it is all in that line-'Christ pleased not Himself.' This is the law of our life. The word christian is synonymous with the word missionary. So we do not decide whether we will give ourselves to mission work. We accept it when we accept Christ. We need not discuss the question, whether men who have never heard of Christ will be saved by Him. A more solemn question is, 'Can we be saved if we neglect to send the Gospel to them?' The plain teaching of this book is that we can not. Our personal salvation will be utterly impossible unless we 'go' or 'send.' To the men and women who fail to do this work for others will come the awful words at last, 'Inasmuch as ye did it not to the least of these My brethren, ye did it not to Me."

Not far from the terminal moraine of the Mer de Glace

we found a place for an open-air meeting. It opens to the west, and the waters of the Arveiron as they rush from the blue caverns of the glacier, will serve us for an organ. Here we met on the Sabbath afternoon. We responded to our names with verses from the Old Testament. There were not enough on snow and ice to go around the League, but more than we expected to find. The knowledge of these Psalmists and old prophets was limited to visions of Lebanon and Hermon, and an occasional frost in the hill country of Judea. But they had studied the mountains of Palestine to good purpose. The words, "Thy righteousness is like the great mountains," had a solemn meaning when spoken in the shadow of these white thrones.

The first paper on "God in nature," was the maiden effort of one of our brightest girls. She is extremely diffident, and until now has not been obliged to do this kind of work. Now the President appoints her to do it, and there is no escape. The thought of what was coming took the sunshine out of many a pleasant walk, but the work was well done, and will cost less next time.

She introduced the subject by describing what we see in many homes—a simple crayon or painting. It is crude and defective, and as a picture it has neither beauty nor value. Yet it is prized above gold. It is the work of a child who has been taken away, and it always brings that white face near to them.

This world should be as precious as that to the thoughtful christian. It is the work of a Father's hand. That Hand made everything, from the snowflake—that exquisite blossom of cold—to the glorious sunset. And all this was meant for us—His children.

In his picturesque way Coleridge says, "We need the ear of a wild Arab listening in the silent desert, the eye of a North American Indian tracing the footsteps of an enemy upon the leaves that strew the forest, the touch of a blind man feeling the face of a darling child." Now abideth these three, Hearing, Sight, Touch; and whoever has these great senses, to him shall be given the entranc-

ing Music, the radiant Vision, the exalted Fellowship.

We read that when Christ was being prepared for His priestly work, He received an approving message from the Father. He had cultivated the senses by which a message could be received, and it came to Him clear and distinct as the notes of a bell. Trained senses will bring to us the myriad notes—song and sob, moan and melody, the infant's cry and the organ's roll—which are but variations of the one Voice, while the untrained hear only inarticulate sound. If we examine the clouds in the most famous of Raphael's pictures, perhaps in all of them, we see that they consist of cherub faces. What seem to be scrolls of vapor are ministering angels. So God reveals Himself in the ordinary phenomena of nature. "Nature," says Emerson, "is too thin a screen. The glory of the One breaks in everywhere."

A second paper was on "Nature hiding God." There is danger that the very greatness and majesty of God's work will draw our thoughts from Himself. A bird was singing in a tree near the Victoria Falls. Its mouth was open, and there was the tremulous movement of its throat, but the music was lost in the mighty thunders of the cata-So these great mountains and ice-fields and infinite splendors which are on every side may fill our thoughts, and we may forget to look up to the Maker of them all. And this constant dealing with what appeals to the physical senses, may dwarf the spiritual senses. It will, if we The only remedy for this practical are not watchful. scepticism is to have God within us. Then we see Him in His works. We see in anything what we are prepared to see. One man looks at the sunset and turns away; another looks and breaks into exultant song. "If a man will take away the wealth of the Indies, he must bring the wealth of the Indies with him." And when the beauty of God pervades our being, the same beauty will appear in all the works of His Hands.

The closing song, "God be with you," floated up the ravines, and was lost in the billowy ranges beyond them.

Dainty films of vapor, the upper edge chased with silver, began!to rise out of the shadows, and enfold the pine forests and lower peaks, while the sun still rested like a radiant gem on the head of Mont Blanc.

One of the few permanent guests of the Hotel was an old sea captain. Excepting two winters within the Arctic Circle, his life had been spent on a whaler in the Southern Pacific. In his old age he wanted to keep in touch with ice-fields, and yet have about him the comforts of civilized life. A friend suggested the Chamouni Valley, where he could dine at table-d'hote, and have a vision of frozen seas and snow-capped mountains, every day

He has been three years in this Hotel, giving himself to reading, crossing and re-crossing glaciers, and cultivating the pleasures of the table. He knows also how to tell stories of the sea, and more than once had accompanied the League in its walks. On our return from the openair service the captain invited the pastor to spend the evening with him, and help him to a little light on a dark He had been reading many things on the negro question which perplexed him. He believed that, in social life and when appointing men to office, color should not be considered, only mental and moral qualities. The people of his section accepted this view, though he noticed that only the cranks put it in practice. Southern people were consistent in this respect. But he could not understand why we seemed to have such kindly, even indulgent, regard for negroes, and yet were so sensitive about meeting them in the dining room and at receptions.

There was much earnest talk, and the pastor tried to make the old captain understand these facts.

1. The negro question has two sides. There is, first, the Afro-American view of it. That is an appeal for social recognition—equal and mutual rights in the home, church and state. What this involves need not be discussed. From the Anglo-Saxon point of view the problem is, how to promote the highest welfare of the two races without touching this question of social equality. We maintain

that sitting at table with negroes and attending receptions with them is both a crime and a blunder. These acts are invested with the highest social meaning, and open the door to recognition of every kind, and—intermarriage. The spirit of the New Testament is opposed to what would be an unspeakable curse to both races, and Southern people cannot be persuaded or driven to consider it for a moment. The negro problem from the Anglo-Saxon point of view—this is to be solved in the Southern States.

- 2. Only the people who are in personal contact with the negro can help to solve the problem. If we study it at long range we misunderstand it. The main difficulties in the negro's way are put there by distant friends of his. In order to help him we need the sense of responsibility, the interest and patience and sympathy which comes of close association.
- 3. People who come to the South generally adopt Southern views and methods. They soon learn that a great deal besides intelligence and character has to be considered. Even the Northern bishop who waxes eloquent in the Boston Preacher's Meeting, refuses to become the guest of a colored presiding elder in a Southern State, and pays his board at a hotel. And the bishop knows that the hotel keeper is white, and not equal to the presiding elder in intelligence or morality.

One trouble with some people who come to the South is, they refuse to bear this "white man's burden," and the negro suffers in their hands. Fortunately, not many of this type come to the "black belts" of the South, and therefore do not hinder the work we are doing.

4. Southern people have done nearly all that has been done to help the negro. They have built churches and schools for him, furnished the means to educate him, opened the way to every trade and profession, and give help and sympathy to an extent which eastern people neither appreciate nor understand. There is no point of social contact anywhere. The lines of progress run parallel, and so close to each other that one who does not

understand may think they are one. But they touch nowhere, and if we would save both races we dare not allow them to touch.

And if these doctrinaires and sentimentalists who are in the east, will attend to the many unsolved problems of their own, there is reason to hope that the people who have been the best, and often the only, friend of the negro the past hundred years, will be able to help him to a better life.

The old captain listened courteously, then thanked the pastor for the information he had given. But we have the impression that he will continue to receive news from the South by way of fourth-story offices in New York and Chicago, and add to it during his solitary walks in that far-off valley. How foolish it all is! As if the *Inter-Ocean* should send its correspondent to Siberia to write detailed accounts of the Boer war.

XXVI.

SWITZERLAND.

BACK TO GENEVA—ENVIRONMENT DOES NOT MAKE OR UN-MAKE MEN—CALVIN—ROSSEAU—VOLTAIRE—EXPERI-ENCE IN GENEVA—COPPET—NYON—CHILLON—LAU-SANNE-—ENGELBERG.

The road between Chamouni and Geneva had greatly changed in two weeks. Spring had come to the foothills, and the vale of the Arne was a vision of beauty. Only the mountains were the same, and their dark cliffs and glistening domes made a striking background to the picture.

Most of the time spent indoors at Chamouni had been given to reading about Geneva. Historians and travelers unite in giving it a place of honor among modern cities for beauty of situation, for its influence upon the intellectual and religious life of the world, and for its unique relation to international questions of freedom and peace. One writer says that with such an environment of mountain and lake, men are obliged to grow in all beneficent and brotherly qualities. But these obligations are not always recognized.

Our first morning in Geneva was spent on Rosseau's Island, and the President gave us a talk on this question of environment. There was no need to describe the city as it slept in the radiant beauty of that spring morning—the swift and arrowy Rhone flowing through it, the deep blue lake fringed with green lawns and strips of dark woodland, and the solemn hills which had encircled and guarded it from its birth. The scene itself was more

eloquent than words could be. Such an environment should promote all that is generous and beautiful in thought and life. Does it?

We go back to the year 1553, and on a hill south of the city, in the month of October, when nature was all color and music, John Calvin and his associates burned a man at the stake because of a defect in his creed. So this environment does not exclude what is hard and despotic and cruel in human nature.

Four miles out of the city is Ferney, where Voltaire spent many years of his life. Back of it there extends the broad foothills of the Juras, dotted with quaint cottages, and rising to the vine-covered heights of the range, while east and south is the entrancing beauty of lake and white hills. Yet Voltaire lived in the midst of all this an atheist, and an unprincipled, cowardly cynic. So the grandest environment does not compel a man to believe in God or truth, or anything that is worthy in human nature.

Not twenty feet from us, on this Island in the river, is a monument to Rosseau, who spent his life in Geneva. From infancy to the hour of death he moved in these scenes of marvelous beauty, and his life was dark and infamous. So this environment will not keep a man from deliberately breaking every commandment of the ten.

"Which proves," said the President, "that we grow from the center of our being. Our motives and ideals make us, not the influences which play on the outside. And if there is not the listening ear, the most musical or majestic voices of God appeal to us in vain."

William A. L. Taylor says, "You can no more tie down a fine presence to any time or place than you can confine the air of heaven or chain the wandering sun. Were there many at his funeral? O man! he did not have a funeral at all, he is not dead. A fine presence can never be buried, for it can never die."

These words came to us as we wandered in the Cemetery of Plain Palais, and asked for John Calvin's grave. He is buried there, but no stone marks the place. This is

appropriate, for the least important part of him was put in the coffin. In the Cathedral of St. Pierre where he preached, we stood in the old pulpit and sat in the chair behind it. The church is pervaded with the fine presence which on May 27th, 1564, did not die. And we can readily imagine that this Cathedral was built in order that, five hundred years afterwards, Calvin might preach in it. There was much that was unlovely in his life and in his creed. But a man of iron was needed to do the work of that time, and there was need that emphasis be put on the sterner attributes of the divine nature. Calvin rendered incalculable service to the cause of civil liberty, and to the Protestantism of his day.

A contrast to Calvin in character and influence was Jean Jaques Rosseau. The French nation has not produced a more fascinating writer, nor one who was so destitute of truth and honor. He was utterly depraved, and seemed to delight in corru ting the young people of his time. He knew that his romances would be read, and he knew that to advise any not to read what he wrote, would make them the more eager. Yet he says in his preface to Julie, "No chaste young woman ever reads romances; and I have given this book a decisive title, that, on opening it, a reader may know what to expect. She who, notwithstanding, shall dare to read a single page, is undone."

Voltaire was the rival of Rosseau in hatred of things ancient and beautiful. And while each tried to purr in the other's presence, the claws and teeth were not always concealed. On one occasion Voltaire said to his friend that he feared the "Ode to Posterity" would never reach its destination. On this Rosseau advised that certain of the "Satires" be suppressed, lest the public discover that the author had lost his abilities, and retained only his malice.

Space would fail us to write of what we saw—churches, paintings, bridges—during the two weeks in Geneva. Nearly every night we visited one of the six bridges which span the Rhone, and connect the upper and lower parts of

the city. The rows of bright lamps fall on the stream so as to change its surface into a pavement of diamonds, and flocks of swans and geese fill the night with their music.

We went twice to the place south of the city, where the Rhone and Arve come together. The second time we were invited to an eminence in the grounds of a Swiss mansion, and this gave us a better view. The Rhone is pure and transparent, while the Arve, direct from the glaciers of Chamouni, is a yellow, turbid stream; and the two preserve their distinct colors as they flow out of sight. Farther on the Arve conquors, and the whole stream is muddy the three hundred miles to the sea.

A Sabbath morning in the Cathedral will not be forgotten. The sermon was thoughtful but cold, and did not prepare us for the gracious Communion service which followed. Two clergymen in black gowns consecrated the bread and wine; then they stood inside the chancel and communicants filed past them, the men first, then the women. More than any other service in which we engage, the Lord's Supper brings christian people near to each other, and near to their universal Lord.

What we termed our last day in Geneva was not spent in the city at all, but on the lake and in towns on its northern and eastern shore. We engaged the Steamer France for a day's cruise, and it was to leave us in Lausanne at sunset. A veteran traveler we met in the Alhambra said to us, "Spend a day on Lake Leman and die." If visions of superb beauty prepare us for death, we have seldom been so near heaven as we were during this day. The water is deep blue, yet clear as crystal. The shore is a succession of quaint towns, with lawns and clumps of budding trees and terraced vineyards connecting them. Beyond these are belts of chestnut, and orcharas in bloom, and stretches of emerald meadow. Higher still are pine forests, broken by dark jagged peaks, and extending to the horizon are the shining heights of snow.

We land for half an hour at Coppet, the home of Madame de Stael, whose old chateau has been re-modelled

and ruined by one of the Rothschilds. Near it is the graveyard where members of the Necker family are buried.

Eight miles farther is Nyon, which has richer memories for a Methodist than any other place in Switzerland. On a wooded eminence overlooking the lake is an old mansion, which ought to be famous as the birthplace of John Fletcher. He became the saintly vicar of Madeley and the colleague of John Wesley; second only to Wesley in the great spiritual and theological awakening of the eighteenth century.

The President had sent two Leaguers ahead to arrange for a meeting this morning and for luncheon afterwards. By courtesy of the owner a room in the chateau, said to be the one in which Fletcher was born, was prepared for us. We had three papers, one on "Education of Fletcher;" the second on "Fletcher as a Methodist Preacher," and another by the pastor on "Fletcher as the Theologian of Methodism." Before we closed, the League requested the pastor to make one paper of the three, and publish it in the Second Trip.

Luncheon was served in a grove of chestnut trees. They were not in full leaf, and the sun was too warm for comfort, but this did not interfere with the duties of the hour. Our host regretted that we had not given him more time; he would have prepared chestnuts as they are eaten by Swiss peasants. We had boiled chestnuts, passed through a seive and served with whipped cream, which the pastor pronounced superior to the hominy of a Florida breakfast; an opinion for which the League has not yet forgiven him.

We did not stop at Lausanne, which sleeps at the foot of Mount Jorat; nor at Ouchy, which is scarcely a mile farther. This place contains the Ancre tavern, where Byron was once detained by a two-days storm, and amused himself by writing the "Prisoner of Chillon." The storm of inspiration that swept over him must have been fierce and sustained as the storm of rain outside, for the poem contains nearly five hundred lines, and it is a day's work

to copy it. What a pity that so much bitterness and darkness pervade the work of this poet.

A few minutes past three o'clock we landed at Chillon, whose Castle is on a rock near the eastern shore of the The last half-hour we had watched the pageant of clouds from the southeast. At first they were like films of lace, and scarcely made a shadow as they passed the sun. These were followed by streamers of grey vapor, changing shape and color as they moved swiftly towards the west. Still they come, growing more dense and dark until the sky was covered with them, and a deep, rumbling sound in the mountains told of the rain that was com-When it did come we were safe in the Castle, looking through the barred windows of the tower. the lake seethed and hissed! and we heard the crash of the green and white breakers on the northern shore. rain came in steady sheets, and as there was no prospect of change, we began to explore the most impressive and gloomy building on the lake. There was a fitness in these angry gusts of wind and rain while we looked at the relics of a savage past. In the Hall of Justice—most appropriately named—there is the post to which prisoners were bound, so they might be scourged with jagged or red-hot whips of iron; and a beam is near the post on which they were afterwards hanged. Not all of them died that way. Here is an opening in the floor to which prisoners were led blind-folded. "Two steps and liberty," said the keep-And the third step was a fall of eighty feet to the points of spears. In another place is the stone pillar to which Bonnivard was chained for six years. These and other works do follow the ducal house of Savoy.

When we returned to the steamer the sky was nearly blue again, and we had a crisp, cool breeze all the way to Lausanne.

This city of famous schools and picturesque beauty would have kept us busy for a week, but we had to leave the next afternoon. Perhaps the hour which made the most vivid impression upon us was the breakfast hour in

the garden of the hotel. The League has never tried to conceal its appreciation of a well-furnished table. More than once the dining room has had stronger charms than the picture gallery—The charm this morning was in the environment as well as the breakfast. The great lime trees drooped over us, the air was fresh and sweet with roses, and between the clamps of acacia shrubs we had glimpses of the shining lake.

In the Cathedral we found the grave of Bernard de Menthon. Many gifted and brilliant men have lived in Lausanne, but none who deserve to be held in such remembrance as this heroic missionary. He preached to the people of these mountains, and endured incredible hardships in the name of Jesus Christ. He also founded two monasteries in Alpine passes, where the brethren and their dogs minister to travelers. One of these houses, the great St. Bernard, has the founder's name. "The memory of the just is for a blessing."

From Lausanne we go as directly as we can to Engelberg, not far from Lucerne and the Rigi. This is an agricultural canton, and it will give us a view of peasant life in the springtime.

Before we left there came decisive information from Cadiz—our ship will be there until the last of May. This will reduce our time in the Mediterranean to three weeks, and we will be obliged to reserve the eastern part of it until the Coronation pageant is over. The question to be settled now is, Shall we spend the whole of May in Northern Switzerland, or one week of it in Zermatt? The Council left the question to the League.

Our beloved country accepts this pleasant fiction—pleasant on paper, fiction everywhere—of universal suffrage. And the League shall settle this matter for itself. The Secretary summoned the members from their Journals and books and games to cast their ballots for Engelberg, or Engelberg and Zermatt. In fifteen minutes the election was over. As gravely as patriotic citizens at home who vote for another's choice, did we decide, nearly unani-

mously, that our last week should be spent at the foot of the Matterhorn.

We arrived in Engelberg just in time for the May festivities. The herds are taken to the lower hill pastures early in the month, and a procession of villagers, in holiday costume, and singing native songs, goes before them to the mountain roads. The remainder of the day is given to games and feasting.

Swiss girls are fond of dancing, but the amusement is now placed under restrictions which our society people would consider puritanical. There is less of it in the Protestant cantons, and it is scarcely known in the more enlightened and moral of these communities.

XXVII.

SWITZERLAND.

SWISS REPUBLIC—EDUCATION—PEASANT'S HOMES—COSTUMES—VILLAGE DOCTOR.

"Which of the Republics has the most truly republican form of government?" asked the President, when the League was spending its first afternoon in a stretch of fragrant pine woods. Nearly all of us answered at once that the United States had this honor. This led to a two-weeks study of the history and Constitution of the Swiss Republic. The League was divided into classes, and each forenoon was devoted to reading or lectures.

This Swiss Confederation was of slow growth. 1316, after a decisive victory over the Austrians, three cantons or states became independent. After twenty years, these "cradle" states were joined by five others; and a century later two more entered the league. it contained thirteen cantons, all of them German by birth and in their modes of thought. This Republic nearly went to pieces in Napoleon's time; and later, the intrigues of jesuits and the natural independence and vigor of its people made union very difficult. The fall of Napoleon brought new life and strength to Switzerland, and its permanence was guaranteed by the great powers of Europe. Fifty years ago, twelve years before our own Republic fought over nearly the same question, the cantons now twenty-two of them-revised their Constitution, and peacefully took the supreme step. They had been separate states, banded together for mutual defence.

became a single state for certain national purposes, while each canton retained all the independence needed to work out its distinctive salvation. The Federal Assemblies make treaties, control the revenue, and manage all things which concern the country as a whole. The people elect one House, the cantonal or state governments elect the other. The two Houses meet and jointly elect the Executive Council of seven to serve three years, and this Council elects one of its own body as President of the Republic for one year.

All sovereign rights are vested in the people, who jealously guard them. They hold a double check-rein over their representatives, and this marks them off from other Republics. These two checks they call the Referendum and Initiative. The Referendum provides that every law passed by the legislative bodies must be approved by a majority of the people voting, before it becomes a legal That is, such approval is necessary if thirty enactment. thousand voters or eight state governments demand it. The Initiative provides that any citizen, if he has the written approval of fifty thousand other citizens, may demand the passage of a new law, or a change in any existing law, by the Federal Assemblies; and the people by means of the Referendum register their final yea or nay. citizen, if sustained by thirty thousand others may bring to popular scrutiny any work of the Federal government; and one citizen, if sustained by fifty thousand others, may pass through the legislative body any measure that he chooses. While the signatures this one citizen must procure, place a check upon him.

Making the popular vote a Supreme Court of Appeal, pre-supposes moral character and intelligent interest on the part of voters. There is not a state, not acity, in our Republic in which the Swiss methods would be successful. The masses of our people are not sufficiently advanced, intellectually or morally.

It is understood that if anything will draw the professor from an artistic dining room or the charms of social life, it is a statistical table, or something which touches an educational movement. He spent many hours in the library of the old Abbey, while others were chasing butterflies or watching the rainbows brighten and fade on a "skyborn" waterfall. One evening he gave us a talk on this question. It was a revelation to us, as the study of it had been to him.

The Swiss have a deep and genuine passion for edu-And it is very practical—its aim to prepare children for their distinctive life has been singularly successful. In 1874 a compulsory system was introduced. Between certain ages, which each canton decides for The leaders of this itself, children must attend school. Republic reasoned that it is the duty of a State to see that each child receives a common education. The ignorant or indifferent parent should not be allowed to cripple a child's intellect for life, any more than he should be allowed to cut off a hand or put out an eye. If at all necessary proper clothing, food, medicine and a vacation trip, as well as books, are provided. They teach the natural sciences, the elements of civil engineering, and the arts and industries of their respective cantons.

Children are not to work in factories until they are fifteen, and this allows many of them to attend the Normal or Cantonal schools, of which there are two types; one which puts emphasis on the classics and is a stepping-stone to the Universities: the other leading to their Polytechnic, in which there are nearly a thousand students. Parents may send to private schools, but less than three per cent do this. Only a small fraction of one per cent of the people cannot read or write.

Religious instruction is given according to the laws of each canton. In Romish districts priests have the shameless and grasping spirit they show everywhere, and education is less satisfactory than it is in Protestant districts.

To appreciate the intensity of this passion for education we should remember that nearly all the three million people of this Republic are poor, many of them extremely poor. Yet they spent for education in 1897, more than three dollars per head. This is twice the amount of all military expenditures for the same year. Basle devotes to this cause one-fifth of all which comes into its treasury.

"If our people at home would do this," said the professor, becoming enthusiastic as the vision grew before him, "we would have a splendid brick Academy in Marianna at once, and every school in the county would have a term of eight months."

Teachers of Swiss schools are paid from \$250 to \$1000 per year, which is worth more than twice that amount at home. There is a teacher's house and garden attached to the school, and when infirmity or age comes, the pension is about fifty per cent of the salary.

The League felt like taking off its hat, and also hanging its head, in the presence of these brave and thoughtful mountaineers who, with greater skill and success than any other people, are solving the difficult problem of popular education.

The homes and costumes of these Swiss peasants are very picturesque. Many homes are built of squared logs, a long shed for the stock being attached to the house, and under the same roof. Flat rocks are piled on the roof to keep it from blowing away. Other homes are like the pretty chalets we see in pictures, only they have a strong framework filled in with brick or stone. These chalets have a lower story for the cows, and wide piazzas around the upper rooms for work and exercise in winter.

We came to Engelberg at the opening of the agricultural year, in time to see the cows and goats led to the summer pastures. They stay in the lower ranges a few weeks, then go to the uplands. Through the short summer the women and children gather the hay, cultivate the wheat or oat patches and garden, and wood is gathered for winter. By the middle of October the men are home with the harvest of cheese, and the hard winter begins.

They spin flax for clothing, and there is wood-carving, embroidery and other work for the long nights.

We attended the Reformed Church the first Sabbath morning, and the boys had to make supreme efforts not to disgrace us. The peasant women of this canton have a quaint and striking costume for the Sabbath and holidays, but the head-dress eclipses everything else. It is a cap adorned with stiff lace, which encircles the head like an open fan. Married women wear, besides, two great silver wings in their hair. Rows of these fans, supported by glistening wings, shut off part of a devout and earnest sermon from some members of the League.

After the service we met Dr. Gerard, who has been the physician of a village in the mountains for nearly fifty years. His learning and skill and social position would have won for him a high place in any city of the Republic. When urged to leave the quiet place he only said, "And what would these dear people do without their doctor?"

"A want of ambition," says the eager youth who would use all lower places as steps by which to reach the highest. This is simply aggressive selfishness. A worthy ambition inspires us to fill with the richest music and service any place, be it the lowest, in which a wise Father has placed us. Half a century of useful and patient living has won for the physician a place in the hearts of his people which nothing on earth could buy. It is a throne that kings might envy.

The League spent a day in this village. It has one street which ends in a footpath to the mountains. An odd-looking stone church, a school, a few shops, and low-roofed, many-gabled houses make the village. And the fact that the earth was rushing through space at the rate of sixty-nine thousand miles an hour, seemed not to disturb its people at all. Why should it?

Later in the week the pastor was with the physician on his rounds. The memory of one visit will always abide. In the inner room of a stone cottage an old woman of eighty was near her end. Her face lighted up when the doctor sat down beside her. "I have brought you some medicine," he said, as he unwrapped a dainty package of jelly, "and it must be taken whenever the patient wants it." Then there was a talk on the blessed mission of sickness, and the rest which would be the sweeter for the long waiting and pain, and the mansion that was already prepared for her in the land of unending summer. After this a quiet, tender prayer of thanksgiving that He had so enriched His servant with Himself, and brought her in sight of home.

As we rose to leave the wrinkled face lighted up again. "Doctor, this would be a dark world if it were not for you, and the heavenly Father!"

XXVIII.

SWITZERLAND.

RIFT IN THE CLOUDS—FLORA—WILD LIFE—A LEGEND—ENGELBERG TO ZERMATT—THE MATTERHORN—WALKS—AN ACCIDENT—CHANGED PLANS.

It is not necessary to write that the League made diligent use of the three weeks at Engelberg. Every day, Sabbaths and stormy days excepted, we walked two to ten miles. Our frailest girls would go three miles and back, and that prepared them for a longer walk next day. There was something to suit every taste—pine forests, waterfalls, streams, snow peaks—within easy reach of us. We had many wonderful views from the edge of the plateau and the higher peaks, but the finest was from the piazza of our hotel. A dense mist had settled upon everything, and just after sunset we were in our double parlor preparing for an informal concert.

Suddenly a flood of rosy light came through the windows, and our landlord called us to the southern balcony. There was an opening in the mist, and we saw the mountains—the beautiful Weisshorn, the vast slopes of Monte Rosa, the peerless Matterhorn—their pure snow summits dyed in the glory of a rich Alpengluh. The vision lasted scarcely ten seconds, and the great purple billows of mist swept over it. This scene had a strange effect upon us. We cared very little for the music we had prepared, and spent most of the evening looking over pictures of Niagara, the Yellowstone, and other wonders of our own country.

A perpetual surprise to us was the flora and wild life

Not even in England had e seen such a of the district. variety and abundance of wild flowers. Many that are familiar to us attain a size and splendor of coloring we never saw before. The marshy spots below the springs which come out of every hillside, are a blaze of color. Clusters of cowslips, gentian, hearts-ease, primula and primrose are always in sight. The dandelion, common as it is, changes many a sloping meadow into a superb "field of the cloth of gold." We learned that in Northern Switzerland this is the most attractive season of the year. The League was not inclined to accept this. We had found wild strawberry vines, there seemed to be acres of them, but the fruit will not be ready for two months. An old man, who has been our guide since we came here, told the girls that from July 15th to September he could sit down anywhere in these woods, and fill a half-peck basket with-The next day a round robin was handed to out moving. the President, signed by twenty-three members, requesting that the League be allowed to come from Genoa in August, and camp three days among these strawberries.

We had thought that the red-headed woodpecker was confined to North America; but here he is, at least one to every tree.

On the higher slopes we find the marmot, the squirrel of this district, and a most quaint and amusing creature. When alarmed, instead of hiding itself, it stands on its hind feet, crosses its paws on its chest, and gives a loud and piercing whistle. Parading this accomplishment often costs the marmot its life.

The day before we left, the old man led us to where a pair of golden eagles were building their nest. On the face of a steep cliff, two hundred feet from the top, twice that distance from the valley, was a sheltered ledge on which the hen bird was arranging its building material. The eagle is a poor architect, and if she can find an old nest will use it. They had not been here before, and it was a new home she was making. The male bird was patrolling the air, and as he sailed too and fro, at least

eight feet from tip to tip of his wings, he was one of the grandest sights in nature.

We watched the arrangement and re-arrangement of the few sticks until we became tired, and the old man told us of the Fenken—the little fairy people of Switzerland. The most famous of these is Madrisa, who fell in love with She sat beside it all day, a beautiful mountain stream. listening to its music, and worshipping the face which smiled on her when she looked into its depths. But winter came and imprisoned her lover, who became silent and invisible. When he was free again, they agreed to go They had not away to the land of perpetual summer. gone far when the stream became clouded, other spirits entered it, and instead of the rippling music she loved, there were only moans and cries of distress. drisa begged her lover to go back, and if they cannot be happy as they would, they will be happy as they can. they go back to the quiet of the mountains, and when winter comes with its dark days and iron grip she says, "Perhaps I am happier and nearer to him than I dream. Perhaps it is the longing that makes the loving." "I think," said the old man, "I think Madrisa was wiser than she knew!"

There is no monotony in this land of snow and ice and flowers, and the last hour of the circuitous ride from Engelberg to Zermatt was as rich and varied as the first. In the splendor of its situation, Zermatt reminds us of Chamouni. The same pine-clad slopes, the same skypiercing mountains, encircle it. North of the village is a gigantic pyramid, compared with which Cheops is a molehill; a three-sided pyramid, whose white crest seems to overhang the great ice-cliffs and the winding glaciers below them. As we look at it from the entrance to Zermatt we are arrested and amazed—it is like nothing else on earth. We climb the pedestal on which the pyramid rests, and in a pleasant hotel, in the very shadow of the blue cliffs, we will spend the last week of May.

Before leaving the village, the President led us to a

graveyard in which are buried three of the seven persons who, in 1865, first ascended the Matterhorn. When descending, four of them fell to a jagged glacier two-thirds of a mile below. One of the four slipped into a crevasse, and about 1920 the body will reach the valley.

The first two days of our week we had clear skies and a still atmosphere, and from an early breakfast until twilight we were out of doors. There are delightful walks on this table-land, and some of greater beauty that would be open to us two months later. The Gorner Grat, nearly two thousand feet higher than the Riffel Hotel, affords the most impressive view of peaks and glaciers to be had in Switzerland. But the season of the electric railway has not yet opened; and the soft snow is either too deep or it hides too many crevasses for us to walk there now.

Near Engelberg we had seen the falling of avalanches, but we now see the largest which has come down the Matterhorn for years. We were walking near the Gorner glacier when we heard a deep, muffled sound, and looking up saw a mass of snow moving towards the edge of a precipice, far above us. We held our breath as it bounded down the steep sides, filling the air with smoke whenever it touched a projecting ledge, and when it reached the bottom the sound was appalling. Our guide said the mass was at least two hundred feet each way, and ten to twenty feet thick. Ten minutes afterwards there was a trail of white mist on the mountain side, and a cloud of powdered snow hung over the abyss.

This same afternoon the guide pointed out a mound of sand and boulders, about two acres in extent. It was a rich meadow until a fragment of glacier came down and made a desert of it. This was six years ago, and there are yet great blocks of ice under the thick layer of boulders and gravel.

There is always a cool breeze on a glacier, even on the hottest day. And when the sun keeps up a temperature of a hundred degrees on your head, and the wind blowing on your chest and the ice beneath your feet are trying to

reduce everything to thirty degrees, there is no surer place to prepare for pneumonia. A more serious result, from a certain point of view, is its influence on the sensi-The glacier keeps the skin cool and dry, the sun does the rest. The pastor was the only member of the League who had had any experience on glaciers, and he suggested to the girls that they had better take their veils with them. They received this very courteously, but they evidently thought he was going beyond his depth. he expounded the times and half a time of the book of Daniel, or any other point in modern theology, they accepted it without question or misgiving. But when he entered this higher realm, they felt how weak and helpless he was. Later, the skin began to come off their faces as if they were recovering from small-pox, and the pastor takes much credit to himself for saying nothing about it.

The third morning we were to cross a ridge which extends westward. There is a miniature glacier beyond it, and a crevasse which the guide says we can explore with safety. The evening before, the pastor noticed that his aneroid was inclined to drop, and by ten o'clock its pointer had moved downward one-fifth of an inch. It has never yet failed us, and before day we heard the wind, then the fierce gusts of rain and hail. We were prisoners for three days.

The last day of our week opened clear and cold, and the fresh mantle of snow which had come to the upper peaks in place of rain was very beautiful. The League was eager to visit the glacier and crevasse, but the guide would go first by himself. He reported that the way was clear to the glacier, but there was drift on the other side which made walking unsafe. The only disquieting thing was the aneroid, which seemed undecided what to do—if there was any movement at all it was downward.

We had crossed the ridge and made the circuit of a crevasse fifty feet wide, whose cold blue depths cannot be described, when we noticed a thickening of the clouds, and in a few minutes snow began to fall. By this time we

had entered a rough road, winding between huge rocks, and the guide advised an immediate return. The President insisted on this, and in half an hour we were out of the storm.

"Where are W—— and L——?" asked one of the girls, as we settled down in the parlor. We had walked back in groups, and their absence was not noticed until we entered the house.

"They must have stayed behind, and will be here soon," said the President, who had already sent off four guides, all that were in the house, and also two servants with an ambulance in case of accident. As the boys did not appear, we became very nervous about them. There was an unspoken dread that they had missed their way and slipped into a crevasse.

"I have sent the guide to hurry them on, and they will soon be here," said the President again.

But they did not come, and the minutes passed as slowly as if they had been hours. At last we heard voices coming through the snow, and before they reached the gate we heard the boys shouting, "We are not hurt! We are all right!" Their white faces hardly sustained their words, and W—— had hurt his ankle and was riding in the ambulance.

W—'s ankle was put in a mustard bath, a message was sent to Zermatt for a doctor, then we listened to their story. They were provoked when the word to return was given, and decided to hide behind a rock so as to frighten the girls. When our voices died away they came out and followed us, or thought they did. In one place the wind had wiped out all foot-prints, and they went south instead of east. They slipped when crossing a rough piece of ice, and W— bent his ankle in such a way as to make it useless. L— would not leave him, and they had shouted themselves hoarse when the guide found them.

"No serious fracture or dislocation," said the doctor, who was an Englishman and partial to big words. "This is simply a linear fracture of the tibia, and there will be no trouble with it."

"Doctor, how long before W—— can walk again?" timidly asked a little maiden, while visions of the Mediterranean began to fade from her view.

"If the callus is thrown out rapidly and satisfactorily," replied the doctor, "the patient will be convalescent in two weeks."

There was not much need of the Council meeting that night, our problem had been solved for us. It is four weeks to the Coronation. Two of these will be spent here, and we must leave Cadiz not later than the 18th. The week remaining can very well be given to a trip to Milan over the Simplon Road; and we will decide later whether we ought to spend July and August on the Mediterranean coast.

So we had opportunity to cross the glacier and explore the crevasse to our heart's content. How we did this, and a great deal besides, is it not written, eloquently and in fullest detail, in fifty-three League Journals?

"The secretion of callus," as the doctor put it, was rapid and satisfactory, and in two weeks from the accident W— was able to walk. The next noon the League was on its way to Brieg, which is twenty-nine miles northeast of Zermatt, and the northern terminus of the famous road to Italy.

XXIX.

SWITZERLAND TO ENGLAND.

THE SIMPI ON ROAD—INFLUENCE OF PLAINS AND HILLS—A WILD RIDE—MILAN—SUSPENDED JUDGMENT—CADIZ—THE SEA AGAIN—WINCHELSEA—SERVICE UNDER HISTORIC TREE.

One of the greatest services which Napoleon rendered to the world was the building of the Simplon Road, which connects Switzerland and Italy. The daring and persistent traits of his genius had full play in throwing across these inaccessible peaks a highway of travel; and while building for himself he was building for all time.

This road is thirty feet wide, and is hard and smooth as a city pavement. Yet much of it is across chasms, and over peaks that did not have standing room for a goat. It is fifteen miles to the top, and the average grade is two hundred and ninety feet per mile. From the top to the village of Domo d'Ossola where the carriage road ends, is twenty-six miles, the grade being over two hundred feet per mile. The remaining eighty-seven miles to Milan is by rail.

The League wanted to get to the summit before night, so as to sleep in the Monastery, and be guarded by St. Bernard dogs. But the three coaches, each drawn by five horses, which Breig keeps for this road, would not serve our large company. And they were not ready for us till the next morning.

It is necessary to give figures in order that others may make a picture of what we see. But one realizes how

utterly inadequate figures and words are to describe this highway. We seem to get into the very heart of these Alpine solitudes. Human dwellings and life are left below, and we enter the Holy Place of nature. On every side are crags and peaks—dark, or reddened by sunsets, or stamlessly white: awful chasms, with massive bridges across them; cascades, falling in white spray or tumbling noisily over rocks; a wall of granite a thousand feet above, or a glacial stream winding as far below: one minute creeping on the face of a cliff, and the next in a tunnel, with a cataract pounding on the roof. One glorious vision succeeds another until the subtle Presence which pervades these silent spaces, quietly take possession of us.

In this hour there comes to the receptive nature something which corresponds to the vision which dazzled and changed Saul on the road to Damascus. That transforms the spiritual nature, then works downward and outward to the limits of our being; while this touches the emotional and artistic faculties of our nature—touckes us with a wind of gentle and indescribable charm, or suddenly awakens us to the fact of a mysterious Presence which we cannot escape.

Dr. Ramsey tells us how the great plains of Lycaonia and of Western North America, speak to men who live on them. To men who are receptive, this spirit of the plains becomes an infinite Eye, unwearying and inexorable, which watches them from its rising to its setting. And a Voice, all-persuasive or all-compelling, which charms them with its music or haunts them like a shadow. A perception of this grows in them as the grey dawn grows into the noon. To men who are hard and self-contained, there is a moment of arrest and awakening, as clear to them as if it were a flash of lightning at midnight. Thoughts of this mysterious Presence enter the life to dwell there, and the hardest man is never quite the same afterwards.

These heights affect one as deeply as the plains, and in far less time. It is scarcely a month since we came, and going from them is like parting from old friends. If

the higher critics will permit the League to assume that William Tell once lived, we can best express our feelings in the patriot's own words.

We reached the Hospice for a late dinner, and spent the night in the quaint and desolate-looking village of Simplon, six miles beyond the summit. There was genuine comfort in the roaring wood fires we found in our rooms, and there was a white frost—some thought they saw ice in the morning.

The descent of two thousand four hundred feet in the nine miles to Italy was simply appalling. Even the boys became nervous when the driver of the first diligence cracked his whip and began a race down the hill—to certain destruction. So it seemed. But Jehu turned the sharp curves so quickly that the old van had not time to go over. The next curve was made within a few yards of a precipice of fifteen hundred feet. "This is twenty miles an hour," said the professor, and we seemed to be going It was the wildest ride we had in much faster than that. Europe. We ought to have gone every step of the way with chained wheels, and the League walking behind for safety.

We all drew a long breath when we came to safer roads, and crossed the line into Italy. Less than two hours from frost and snow, we are in the heat and dust of summer, and long before night we came to the end of this magnificent road. And when the setting sun lighted up the white cathedral, very much as we had seen it for a month illumine the domes of snow, we were in the dining room of the Hotel Cavour. We had not tasted food since a frugal breakfast at Simplon, and not even the splendors of the first Italian sunset could draw us away.

What we saw in Milan cannot be described now. We met the Rev. W. Burgess, Superintendent of Wesleyan Missions in Italy, who gave us much light on the religious questions of that country. We expect to come here from the coast, and he promised to take charge of us for a week if we are here early in September. He knows an ideal

slope on a northern spur of the Apennines, where our tents could be pitched, and it is within walking distance of the most flourishing rural mission they have in the District.

Before we left for Genoa and the Coast-line to Marseilles, the pastor advised the League not to receive final impressions of Italy. That which distinguishes it from other lands is hardly seen from an express train. Its cathedrals and palaces, its memorials and ruins, have to be sought out and studied. And the repulsive features of Italian life—its beggars and squalor and wretchedness—fill the traveler's horizon in railway stations, and between them. We expect to return and see the Italy of ancient and medieval history. Until then, judgment should be suspended.

In the early afternoon of June 17th we bid a glad farewell to the railway at Cadiz, and in half an hour we are climbing up the sides of a big steamer that is anchored in the Bay.

It is always pleasant to return home, and much of this pleasure comes from little acts of thoughtfulness which are not expected, and which duty does not call for. In each girl's room was a dainty vase of roses, and on one dressing case was a superb collection of white geranium blooms. No one seemed to know how they came there.

Not till these geranium blooms began to fade, did any of the girls know on what sort of pedestal they rested. It seemed to be a tall jardiniere, enclosed in gilt cardboard. When the jar was lifted out, there was under it a walnut box, and in one corner was this legend, "Found in the Mer de Glace." Inside the box was a new Eastman, and with it an ample supply of sensitized plates and paper; also developing and toning fluids. There was no name attached to it, and the only girl who was not eager to trace it to its source, was the one in whose stateroom these gifts had been so ingeniously arranged.

We are to leave the next noon, and spend a few hours looking over this quaint and ancient city. It has a picturesque situation, at the end of this tongue of land, and with the sea on more than three sides of it; and it is one of the oldest towns of Europe. When David was playing his harp in the rude court of Saul, the Phenician vessels were creeping up this coast; and when the navies of Solomon came through the Straits in search of treasure, Cadiz had become one of the great markets of the world.

The spell of the glaciers remained on us until the first morning at sea. The fears we had the night before all disappeared with the sunrise, and until the white cliffs of England came in sight, sea and sky were perfect. There were patches of cloud which we needed for pictures, and there was just enough breeze to crest the waves with white. But we had nothing to cause fear, or suggest seasickness, or break the charm and music of life on the upper deck and in the dining room.

Nothing? Only the spirit that will not use the joys of the present, because they may be followed by disaster. Every rag of vapor is the herald of a storm, and if a wave keeps its crest on a moment longer than usual, we had better prepare for the worst. People who do this seem to find a mournful pleasure in it, and others learn to receive these prophecies as they would a rare bit of humor.

We came to anchor in the English Channel, eight miles east of Hastings, and in view of the ancient village of Vinchelsea. Our own boats take us to the shore, where seven stage coaches are waiting for us.

The next afternoon we hold a service under an old ash tree near the parish church. This is the tree under which John Wesley preached his last open-air sermon; and this fact makes it more sacred to us than any other historic place on this coast. After the singing of Coronation, and prayer by the second preacher in the Hastings circuit, the President called on the pastor for an address suited to the occasion.

The pastor first drew a picture of that scene in the autumn of 1790. There is the venerable preacher; the circle of plainly-dressed, devout Methodists of the village; an outer circle of attentive listeners, and beyond these, in

groups, are people who are drawn by curiosity or the fame of the evangelist. The day for clubs and retten eggs in Winchelsea has passed, and the clergyman of the parish stays at home; not daring to oppose, and unwilling to countenance an "irregular" meeting.

And what can we say of the service? If we are able to reach an old chapel on the edge of a Yorkshire moor in time for it we may hear such singing, but we are not likely to have a sermon like that—charmingly simple and faultless in diction, and every thought fused into a white heat as it came from the preacher's heart and brain. What thoughts should possess us as we gather around this historic tree?

We should thank God and take courage. The previous Conference, that of 1790, reported 294 preachers and 71,567 members in Britain; a handful in view of the millions who remained in worse than heathen darkness. Yet this was a wonderful advance upon the Conference of ten years before, which had 171 preachers and 43,380 mem-Now the British Conferences contain, in round numbers, 3,000 itinerants, 30,000 local preachers and one million members. And outside of Britain, Methodism is the foremost, as well as the most virile and progressive, Protestant Church in Christendom. During the 19th century Methodism gained on the population of the world. At the same rate of progress, the close of another century will see the entire race in the Methodist fold, and at least tifty millions of converts will have to come from Mars or some other overcrowded planet, to meet the statistical demand!

We hardly expect this. Methodism will achieve its greatest triumphs in the future, as in the past, by its influence upon other churches. It gave new life to the churches of England; re-moulded their creeds, and also helped them to the best men and the most effective methods they have had the past one hundred years. It has done quite as much for the evangelical churches of the United States. Creeds have been changed and broadened;

flesh has been put upon dry bones, and both pulpit and pew have been charged with new life. There are thousands of non-Methodist churches in this country which depend upon Methodism for everything. They turn to it, as a child to its mother, for all the blessings of church life, and even depend upon Methodist revivals to renew their strength. While thus enriching the evangelical churches, it will retain the leadership which its spirit and work have secured for it; and it is adjusting itself to the life of the 20th century in a satisfactory and hopeful way.

2. We should remember that the main thought of this last out-door sermon—a present and conscious salvation for every man—was the theme of Wesley's preaching from first to last. This truth was proclaimed with the strength and clearness of a trumpet in every Methodist sermon. And it is a key to the marvellous success which has attended Methodist preaching to the present hour.

It is not less needed now. We may have a simple or an ornate service; our sermons may, or may not, be lighted up by genius; it is the simple story of the Cross that wins men and leads them to better lives. Stopford Brooke will preach thoughtfully and beautifully on "The Theology of the Poets" to empty pews, while our largest Mission Halls are crowded to the doors. Man's spiritual needs are his deepest, and so long as Methodism preaches a present and conscious salvation for every man, so long will the old success attend its work.

3. We should learn the meaning of these unconventional methods of work. Paul became all things to men that he might save them. And this man of order and refined taste preached under trees, on wild moors, and wherever he could find men to hear his message.

Methodism has not always remembered this truth; and the Lord has sent His prophets—Peter Mackenzie, William Booth, and the Wesley of modern days, Hugh Price Hughes—to re-state and enforce it. They gave us His truth in the language of living men, and adjusted to the needs of modern life.

There is a spirit of Socialism abroad in the land, which professes to do more for us than can be done by the church. But this Socialism is realizing that, however beautiful and perfect its methods may appear on paper, it has not steam enough, nor can it make steam enough, to drive its machinery. The "love of humanity" is too hazy and coldly intellectual to supply the living fire which alone can make a social movement successful. The love of Christ is the only dynamic which can move this social machinery. It is a *Christian* Socialism which makes for healing and righteousness.

The Methodist church is slowly awakening to its great opportunity. While not doing less for the life which is to come, we are doing very much more for the life that now is. In the West London Mission, which we expect to visit later, we have an impressive illustration of what the church can do for people who cannot be touched by its ordinary services.

This is one of the urgent lessons from the last field service of our revered founder. As clearly as if spoken now, the message of the preacher comes to us, "Carry this message to the market-places and highways and prisons, and always to those who need you most. Make them feel that you need them and want them. And see that the message has in it something for the body and mind, for the home and public life, as well as for life in the church."

XXX.

ENGLAND.

RURAL ENGLAND IN SUMMER—A QUAINT HAMLET—LOCAL PREACHERS—LEAGUE'S OPPORTUNITY—OLD HOME—SKYLARKS—TO BLACKSTONE EDGE—ROBIN HOOD'S BED—BIT OF GEOLOGY—FAIRIES—SUNSET—PAPER ON "JOHN WESLEY; A PLAGIARIST"—PRESIDENT'S ADDRESS.

The Council sees its way to a trip through rural England. We have looked at its autumn dress, now we can see it in all the radiant beauty of early summer. Our ship will proceed to its station in the Solent, and we will travel on the Midland railway to the edge of a Yorkshire moor. There will be time for this before the Coronation.

Winter writes of a journey through the Vale and by the Peak of Derbyshire. "You see the storied mountain, in its airy magnificence of poise, soaring into the sky—its summit almost loss in the smoky haze—and you wind through hillside pastures and meadow-lands that are curiously intersected with low, zigzag stone walls; and constantly, as the scene changes, you catch glimpses of green lane and winding river; of dense copses that cast their cool shadow on the moist and gleaming emerald sod; of long white roads that stretch away like cathedral aisles and are lost beneath the leafy arches of elm and oak; of little church towers embowered in ivy; of thatched cottages draped with roses; of dark ravines, luxuriant with a wild profusion of rocks and trees; and of golden grain that softly waves and whispers in the summer wind; while, all

around, the grassy banks and glimmering meadows are radiant with yellow daisies, and with that wonderful scarlet of the poppy that gives an almost human glow of life and loveliness to the whole face of England." If we have eyes to see, this is not an overdrawn picture.

In the late afternoon of the 23rd, we came to the village of Littleboro, fourteen miles north of Manchester. It is set in a circle of green hills, on the other side of which are stretches of brown and purple moorland.

Two miles north of the village is the hamlet of Rakewood. It consists of groups of low cottages, built of rough stone and with blue slate roofs. These groups have no relation to each other, and are perched on a hill or nestle at the foot of it, and face every point of the compass, according to the fancy of the builders. Owing, perhaps, to the isolation of the people—the wild moors nearly encircle them—they have quaint and picturesque qualities of their own. They are nearly all Wesleyans, and in their ideas and worship belong to the type of fifty years ago. Dr. Newton is still their ideal preacher. Youngsters are sometimes "appointed" to Rakewood and find out to their sorrow, or joy, that these simple-hearted people are keen and discriminating judges of sermons.

This is the time for the week-night service, and three men ahead of us are evidently on their way to church. "Art to beawn?" said one of them to an old man who sat in a doorway, smoking a long, white pipe. The question is in the Lancashire dialect, and translated for the League it means, "Are you going?"

We find the little church half-full, and exactly at the hour the service began. The "Super" of the circuit had been called away, and a young local from the village, an operative in one of the woolen mills, gave us a carefully prepared sermon on the Syro-Phenician woman. The music was the most impressive feature of the service. Every one in the church seemed to sing with heart and voice. There was a fervor and heartiness in it which carried us on its wings into the very presence of God. Rakewood

has long been noted for its singing. Twenty-seven years ago there was no organ, nor did they need any. The leader of that time had a strength and compass of voice which suggested one of the bulls of Bashan. These fathers of the hamlet have been taken home, and the places are worthily filled by the children.

This service started a sad train of thoughts in the pastor's mind. Local preachers constitute the mightiest arm of service in British Methodism. There are thirty thousand of them, and they supply eight or ten thousand pulpits every Sabbath. On a quarterly "plan," now before us, there are eleven churches, nine of them in villages, the farthest being seven miles from the center. To serve these churches are two itinerants and twenty-three locals, who give each church two services on the Sabbath.

We turn from this to the state of things at home, and here the sad thoughts come in. The Marianna District has twenty-five itinerants, not less than one hundred churches and thirty-two locals. At least half these churches are closed on the Sabbath. Not less than twenty thousand in Southern Methodism are closed because there are no local preachers. Nor are we likely to get This is the great opportunity of the Epworth them. Its Department of Worship can have services in these churches in the absence of the pastor. There need not be a preaching service, not even a talk if the leader is plainly unequal to it; simply a service of song and prayer, and the reading of God's word. If not practicable now, it is an ideal towards which we can look and strive. plan is utopian to those who will not reach up to it; none are so if we will bring them down and adjust them to our needs.

The League may not be aware of it, but light comes before three o'clock on a June morning, and lasts through a dreamy and lovely gloaming till ten at night. Our day began about six, and in an hour we are on the turnpike which climbs the hills to Blackstone Edge. It is scarce

ly two miles, yet we were more than two hours on the Just out of the village, a hundred yards from the road, is an old house in a grove of elms. It is not a day older-looking than it was twenty-seven years ago-the same rooks are cawing and circling over the trees, and there are the same diamond-shaped panes, scarcely two inches across, in the small windows. The pastor explained how the people of the 14th century built their homes. The outer walls are of rough stone, eight or nine inches Inside of this is another wall the same thickness. and there is a space of fifteen inches between them. space is filled with broken stone and cement. beams in such a house may need repairing every few centuries, and the slate roof will wear out, but walls like these will last till the day of judgment. The large cellar, at the foot of twenty-four stone steps, had two cells or caves opening out of it, and each had a heavy, iron-ribbed The two boys of the family would sit in the twilight and imagine how these cells were used in the good old times. There are a great many rooms upstairs, two of them haunted, and one of these was an aviary during the summer.

As the old home passed out of sight, we heard the sweetest bird-music, which seemed to come from the sky, and a dozen voices asked what it was. The speck had floated against a patch of dark blue cloud, and we could not see it. We soon come to the edge of a field, and not more than fifty yards from us a skylark rises from the ground and begins to sing. It ascends spirally, singing as it goes up until it becomes a faint speck in the blue. Soon it begins to descend, still singing, and when about twenty feet from the ground it folds its wings and drops like a stone. The nest is not far away, but so skilfully is it hidden under a tuft of grass that only a boy can find it.

We cross an old moss-covered bridge, and under it is a stream gliding between the boulders, like Tennyson's brook, "I wind about, and in and out, With here a blossom sailing, And here and there a lusty trout, And here and there a grayling."

"And here and there" are the same minnows that refused to be caught thirty-five years ago. Beyond the bridge, winding for half a mile between these hills, is a birdhaunted glen.

The edge of the moor is reached at last, and the League has seen nothing quite like it at home or in Europe. For six miles there is the same level, treeless, dreary waste. Its soil is a black peat, in which only the coarser ferns and heather will thrive. A few sheep are scattered over it; touching the horizon we see two gamekeepers, and near us we hear the plaintive notes or sharp whirr of the frightened moor birds.

Five minutes from the road, along the edge of the moor, is Robin Hood's Bed. There is a space of five acres covered with glacial remains, from tiny white pebbles to boulders large as houses. Three of the largest stones are leaning against each other in such a way as to make a room, protected from wind and rain on all sides but the south. Tradition says that when the famous outlaw was hard pressed in his southern haunts he would spend a few days or weeks in this northern home. The dense forest came up to its door in the twelfth century.

How did this moorland grow, and how came these smooth boulders and pebbles here? The professor explains these phenomena as we sit on the rocks after dinner. At the close of the Tertiary period there was a sudden increase of cold, and the northern part of the globe was under snow and ice. When a change came, these continents of ice began to move southward. The Mer de Glace, carrying its load of rocks and debris towards the valley, was an illustration of it. This moorland was once the bed of the sea and its soil, of the Carboniferous Era, was being changed into coal. Icebergs melted

above it, and when a later change came, the sea-bed was gently lifted into this high table-land.

Not far from these glacial ruins is an old-established home of the fairies. A clergyman of two hundred years ago wrote a book on these invisible people, and gave a detailed account of their lives. It is said they were so pleased with the handsome compliments he paid them, that they took him bodily to their subterranean home and made him their king. Some people thought he died of apoplexy and was buried in the Littleboro church-yard. But there are always stupid people, who question the settled facts of history. Even now, it is said, the clergyman's sonorous voice may be heard under the hills—always during thunderstorms.

These facts were obtained more than thirty years ago, from an old woman who lived in a stone cabin on the hill-side, and who knew about fairies and ghosts and almost everything. Once two boys ran away from school, so eager were they to hear the conclusion of a weird story that was interrupted the day before. There was wise and effective discipline at The Elms, and the boys never ran away again.

Tea was provided on the lawn of the White House, an old inn on this highway to the Hebden Valley. wards we gave a good half-hour to sunset—rather to the pageant which attended it. Majestic wreaths of dark vapor had gathered in the west, and higher up, reaching nearly to mid-heaven, were exquisite folds of pearly cloud. The colors, from pearl to ethereal and sun-drenched. rich crimson, which played on the fringe of the lower masses, we cannot paint in words. But the most striking feature came some minutes after sunset. The wind rose on the moor, moaning across its wastes, and when it reached these rocks it deepened into hoarse music. the same moment, a gale seemed to strike the dense forms that filled the west and scattered them like withered Great islands break away and sweep in white pomp across the sky, while in every direction are drifting the shells and scrolls and dainty films of mist, changing

to deeper colors as they go farther from the sunset, then quietly fade away.

After this vision, we walked in the gloaming to Robin Hood's Bed, and held our weekly meeting. We gave most of the hour to music, and very impressive it was as it floated down the vale and came in echo from the moorland.

One of the papers was on "John Wesley; a Plagia-rist." The writer described the wonderful advancement of the church in dealing with the problems of our time. We have all manner of agencies for spreading religious knowledge, and meeting the needs of the ignorant and poor. She put emphasis on the Forward movement of modern Methodism. The League is entering zealously and hopefully into this work. Lately, its Department of Charity and Help has opened Dispensaries in which medical skill and medicines are at the service of the poor. All this, and more, is the outcome of our own brilliant, resourceful and strenuous Twentieth Century.

For several weeks she has been reading Wesley's Journal. And she is amazed at the boldness and audacity with which Wesley appropriated our wisdom and plans of Not a suggestion of practical value has escaped the appreciative eye of this prince among plagiarists. Bible Societies, Circulating Libraries, Sabbath Schools, Benevolent Loan Societies, Night Schools, and unnumbered Social Reforms which are the boast of this enlightened day, he coolly borrowed and put to most effective Even the work recently taken up by our Leaguedispensing medicines to the sick, has not escaped him. He appropriated it as early as 1776. We find this entry in his Journal, "Dec. 4-I mentioned to the Society my de-About thirty came sign of giving physic to the poor. the next day, and in three weeks about 300."

All this is evidence of wonderful insight and judgment. For what methods are so worty of imitation as those which have been discovered in our strenuous and progressive age?

The President closed the meeting with an appropriate

address. We are going to see the splendors of Coronation Day, and it will be well for us to retain our hold of the central truths of life.

- 1. Circumstances and conditions do not make Manhood or Womanhood. We may be in a mansion and our lives may be spent in a blaze of public glory, or we may live alone in a hut; character is not made or unmade by one state or the other. True nobleness grows from within, and the brightest illustrations of it may be in the next street. Seldom is the heroism of endurance or unselfish doing heralded by trumpets, but it is always attended by retinues of invisible angels. Alexander and Cæsar were dwarfs compared to people you meet every day. Let us remember that the things which have value and abide, live and grow apait from show and trumpets.
- 2. We, ourselves, determine the quality and degree of this Manhood or Womanhood. As these outward splendors do not enter our being, neither can they help or hinder the growth of what does make us. Our own wills determine whether we become pigmies of the dark forests, or giants of the light-swept hills: dwarfs of the central gloom, or full-statured men and women of the sun. We are, what we will to be.
- 3. We make the opportunities which enable us to carry out this purpose of the will. This truth has no finer setting than Edward Rowland Sill has given it:

"Thus I beheld, or dreamed it in a dream: There spread a cloud of dust along a plain; And underneath the cloud, or in it, raged A furious battle, and men yelled, and swords Shocked upon swords and shields. A prince's banner Wavered, then staggered backward, hemmed by foes. A craven hung along the battle's edge, And thought, 'Had I a sword of keener steel-That blue blade that the king's son bears—but this Blunt thing!' he snapt and flung it from his hand, And lowering crept away and left the field. Then came the king's son, wounded, sore bestead, And weaponless, and saw the broken sword. Hilt buried in the dry and trodden sand, And ran and snatched it, and with battle shout Lifted afresh he hewed his enemy down, And saved a great cause that heroic day."

SUPPLEMENT,

JOHN FLETCHER.

In the autumn of 1752, the family carriage of Mr. Hill, a member of Parliament, was on its way to London. The tutor was left behing in St. Albans, and did not overtake the carriage till evening. He explained that he was walking near St. Albans and met a poor woman who talked so sweetly of Jesus Christ that he knew not how the time passed away. "I shall wonder," said Mrs. Hill, "if our tutor does not turn Methodist by-and-by." "Methodist, madam," he exclaimed, "pray what is that?" "Why, the Methodists are a people that do nothing but pray; they are praying all day and all night." "Are they," he said, "then by the help of God I will find them if they be above ground." They were above ground, and John Fletcher found them, and it was well for himself and England that In a class-meeting held in the Foundry four days after he first heard the name, he met a people who were after his own heart, and he consecrated himself to their life of prayer and constant service.

2. The way in which Fletcher was led to his life-work is very suggestive. His father was related to the Duke of

Savoy, which secured for the son social recognition and all educational advantages of the time. John distinguished himself at Geneva and Lantzburg, and when he returned home at the age of twenty one, his gifts and attainments would have won for him any place in Church or State. His family wanted him to become a clergyman, but he could not accept the doctrine of predestination, and decided to enter the army. There was so much opposition to this that he went to Lisbon and enlisted in a company that was ready to sail to Brazil. But a servant dropped a kettle of boiling water on his feet, and before he could leave his room the vessel went to sea. Next he tried to enter the Dutch army, but a Treaty of Peace shut him off from service there. Not knowing what else to do he went to England, and found a place as tutor in the family of Mr. Hill. Soon after this he found the Methodists, and was led into a service of abiding peace and joy. In four years he was ordained by the bishop of London, and began to assist Wesley in all kinds of evangelistic work.

It is said that he was offered the living of Denham in Cheshire. The patron informed him that the income was five hundred pounds a year, the duties were light, and it was situated in a healthy, sporting country. Fletcher objected that the place would not suit him; there was too much money and too little work. "I want to suit you," said the amazed patron, "and if you would like Madeley"—an adjoining parish with a small salary and heavy work—"I doubt not the vicar will exchange with you." This was done, and Fletcher entered on the work of a Methodist preacher in the Madeley circuit. Thus God educates His servants, and leads them to the places that need them.

3. We can hardly understand the condition of England at that time. When a clergyman could break any commandment of the ten, or all of them, and continue his ministry: when a publican could paint on his sign, "Drunk for a penny, dead drunk for two pence, straw for nothing," and not be disgraced; perhaps the imagination can finish the picture without further help. Madeley was below the

average in ignorance and immorality. On the Sabbath morning the easy-going clergyman would go to church and read prayers—there might or might not be a few old people in the pews—then return to his cards and wine; while his parishioners gave themselves to drinking and brutal sports.

The ministry of Fletcher made a mighty change in the parish. One incident will illustrate the zeal and persistence of this ministry. In calm and storm he went round his parish, beginning at five o'clock every Sabbath morning, ringing a bell and urging the people to prepare for church!

Two outlying districts, Colebrooke Dale and Madeley Wood, were taken into the circuit, and every week he was doing missionary work in the regions beyond.

4. The status of a Methodist preacher in this time needs to be understood. The Deed of Declaration exempted ordained preachers from the limit of three years in one place. And Wesley's purpose seemed to be, to have the ordained clergyman as "preacher-in-charge" of a circuit, the itinerant evangelists to be subject to him as long as Wesley or his successor assigned them to that circuit.

Wesley has put on record his appreciation of the genius and success of the Jesuits, and he seemed to look to a similar work in the Church of England. He was finally led or driven from this course, but in his middle life nearly all the Methodist preachers held livings, and co-operated with Wesley in his evangelistic work.

We have accounts of some of them. One had a circuit which included five counties. Four sermons on the Sabbath and twelve during the week, was his ordinary work. Wesley spent two or three days of the year with him, and set the high standard of living and working which his preachers endeavored to follow.

5. The "helper" who was nearest to him, and most helpful, was John Fletcher. Wesley wrote of him, "How wonderful are the ways of God! When my bodily strength failed, and no clergyman in England was able to help me, He sent me help from the mountains of Switzerland. Where could I have found such another?"

Four years after Fletcher went to Madeley, Wesley spent a Sabbath with him. Thereafter when he could go that way, his Journal recorded how pleasant and helpful were his visits to this home. It was as sacred to him as the quiet home in Bethany had been to his Master. Wesley wrote of this visit, "It was a great comfort to me to converse once more with a Methodist of the old type." This was scarcely twenty-five years after the establishment of Methodism, and its founder had yet twenty-five years to spend among its people. He was associating with Methodists, hundreds of them, every day, and it was a great comfort to him to converse "once more" with a Methodist of the old type!

We need to revise our views of the comparative merits of ancient and modern Methodism. They were not all saints then, they are not all sinners now. If heaven broadens and ripens all that is best and highest in a man's nature, Wesley could come back after a century of growth there, and still find comfort in conversing with consecrated and saintly Methodists. A Sabbath in London—with Peter Thompson in the morning, at the head of the 'Vest London Mission Band in Hyde Park in the afternoon, and preaching in St. James Hall at night—would be a continuation of heaven to him.

6. In all things Fletcher wished to be one with his Methodist brethren. He was far above most of them in scholarship and official position, but he was always the unassuming, warmhearted brother. The vicarage was the itinerant's home; all were welcome there. When the question of character came up at a Conference, he would have left the chapel if his own had not been investigated with the others. At a later Conference, when he feared his work was nearly done, he begged the brethren to supply the parish with Methodist preaching, and he would like his name to go on the Minutes as a Supernumerary.

- 7. Fletcher continued to grow in zeal and usefulness, and in 1772 Wesley wrote to him, advising that he resign the Madeley living, accompany him in his evangelistic work, and prepare to succeed him as the leader of Methodism. There were other wise and saintly men among the preachers, but none so qualified for the place as himself. This letter appealed very strongly to him, but he would only promise to assist Charles Wesley if they survived their leader.
- 8. His health began to fail in the spring of 1776, and he was persuaded to travel with Wesley. In three months they rode together not less than two thousand miles. Fletcher's health was much improved, but he became so feeble the following spring that physicians assured him he could not possibly survive the autumn.

The Conference of 1777 was held in Bristol. One morning Fletcher came in, leaning on the arm of a friend. The brethren rose to receive him, and he began to address them in such a seraphic and impassioned way that they feared he would faint and die in their midst. Wesley knelt beside him and began to pray. In an instant the brethren were on their knees, and joined in a fervent prayer that God would spare His servant to them a little longer. Then Wesley rose to his feet, and with the assurance of one who has received a message directly from God, he said, "He shall not die but live, and declare the works of the Lord!"

And eight more years were added to Fletcher's life.

9. The quality which was pre-eminent in Fletcher's life was saintliness. His intellectual gifts were of the highest order, and had been so thoroughly cultivated that his scholarship was both exact and profound. Wesley wrote of him as having every advantage, excepting that of popular oratory, over Whitfield. "And above all (which I can speak with fuller assurance, because I had a thorough knowledge both of one and the other) a more deep and con-

stant communion with the Father, and with the Son Jesus Christ."

This was not the type of saintliness with which the Romish church has made us familiar—two parts effeminacy, and one part each duplicity and zeal. The zeal was there, and the womanly traits of purity, gentleness and patience. There was also strength, a broad charity, a fearless devotion to truth, and the keen sense of humor which enters into the highest type of manhood. And this strong nature was moulded and illumined by the love of Christ.

In a funeral sermon Wesley said, "Many exemplary men have I known, holy in heart and life, within fourscore years; but one equal to him I have not known—one so inwardly and outwardly devoted to God."

Abbey and Overton, in their Church History, write, "Never, perhaps, since the rise of Christianity has the mind which was in Christ Jesus been more faithfully copied than it was in the Vicar of Madeley. To say that he was a good christian is saying too little. He was more than christian; he was Christ-like!"

This saintliness was Fletcher's peculiar qualification for his work as the theologian of Methodism. Other writers, from those of early times to Toplady and Hill, had the mental equipment needed to expound and defend theological systems. But their work was done with such cruelty or bitterness that they made the way of polemic theology, one of the darkest and saddest in history. There were special reasons why the defender of Wesleyan theology should avoid the medieval spirit. For the first time since Paul preached and wrote, if we except the Reformations by Patrick in Ireland and Columbo in Scotland, the emphasis was put on the love of God, and the Gospel was offered to every man without any ecclesiastical or theological limitations. Any exposition or defence of this teaching should be in perfect harmony with it. And it is. keenest and most effective exposure of error, there is the gentle and forgiving spirit of Christ. The "Checks" and other works by Fletcher are, perhaps, the only polemic writings that could be put to devotional uses. The saintly spirit which pervaded all this work counted for much in the impression which it made on English thought and life.

- 11. The England of that day was thoroughly Calvinistic. Scarcely a preacher in the Established Church; not a preacher in the Independent, Presbyterian or Baptist Churches who was not a follower of Calvin. The popular books of sermons were inspired from Geneva, and this meant more than it would now. Not one rector or curate in a hundred made his own sermons, and he naturally selected those that were in harmony with the theology of the time. If he cared nothing about it, he would prefer the teaching that verged on fatalism, and seemed to condone his neglect of religious duties. To preach that Christ yearned to save all men, would put the preacher under obligation to do something more than talk.
- 12. The strongest and most bitter opposition to Wesley's preaching came from Calvinistic preachers and churches. The heathenism of the lowest classes was easily subdued, when the parish clergy let it alone. Even ecclesiastical opposition would pass away as Methodism became respectable and strong. But Calvinism was entrenched in man's thoughts and prejudices and creeds, and the theological opposition was most to be feared. It had the intolerant spirit of the man who gave it to the church, and from the beginning it opposed Wesley—but terly and persistently.

He was not able to meet it. This is simply saying that he was but one man. The evangelistic work he was doing, and the varied and pressing duties which grew out of it, left him neither time nor strength for controversial writing. A letter or a brief tract when he felt the cause was going to suffer, was all he could do.

13. Open war on Wesley was declared after his Conference of 1770. There was a perfectly true, but unguarded, statement of doctrine in the Minutes which

the Calvinists said taught salvation by works and other 'dreadful heresies," and they demanded a formal recantation (of it. This was followed by an unfair and brutal attack on Wesley's character, at a time the evangelist was in Ireland, riding fifty miles and preaching three times a day.

Fletcher could restrain himself no longer, and sent out the first of his famous "Checks," a pamphlet of one hundred pages, in defence of his friend—and Methodism. This was a vindication of Wesley, and a great deal more. Fletcher seemed to awake to the possibilities of service that were before him. The personal feature gradually disappeared from his work, and in this, and succeeding "Checks," he wrote a masterly vindication of Methodist doctrine.

For six years the theological war continued, and the English people were as deeply interested in it as they are now in the Educational question. There were three chief writers on the Calvinistic side—Toplady and the Hill brothers. After they received the first "Check," there was no attempt at argument. They could only abuse the man whose words and life they were not able to answer. It is significant that Wesley seldom refers to this controversy in his Journal or the pulpit. Nor was there any need of it. Fletcher was more than equal to the task he had undertaken.

Within the year a second "Check" appeared. The next five years others were issued, besides pamphlets and books on theological questions not included in the discussion. The writings of these years cover the entire field of Wesleyan theology, and are expository or polemic according to the needs of the time.

They made a deep impression on the thought and religious literature of the eighteenth century. The vividness and charm of the style, the strength and keenness of the reasoning, and the spirit of love which lighted up every page, marked an era in controversial writing, and put Fletcher in the foremost place as a master of polemics.

A clergyman of that day was asked if he had read the "Checks." His reply was, "No, and I will not read them; for if I did, I should be of his mind." Thousands did read them, and accepted their teaching. From this time the Wesleyan theology had a right of way among the cultured and thoughtful, and entered, as no theology had ever done before, into the spiritual life of the religious world.

14. We have not attached to Fletcher's work the importance it deserves. The first theologian of Methodism put the church under an obligation it has not yet fully acknowledged. The Wesleyan Reformation was theological as well as moral, therefore was it permanent. The love of God in the heart, and also in the creed, made possible the glorious success which has attended Methodism everywhere.

We think it should be called the Wesleyan, rather than the Arminian, system of doctrine. The old name was little more than a name a hundred and fifty years ago. It had been put on the shelf in England and on the Continent, and it was not known in America. These eighteenth century Reformers put fiesh on the dry bones, then breathed into the system a new and growing life. Therefore have they the right to give their name to it.

The Calvinism we have today hardly deserves the full name. The old type asserts itself in the Highlands of Scotland, and in elect places elsewhere. But the influence of Fletcher's work is felt on every page of the Genevan Confession.

We owe much to Watson and Pope, but to Fletcher more than these are we indebted for the genius and saintly influence which directed the Wesleyan system towards its goal as the Creed of Christendom.